INTERNATIONAL EDITION

THE RAKE

THE MODERN VOICE OF CLASSIC ELEGANCE

BENICIO DEL TORO

Collecting his thoughts

THE NINETIES: NEW YORK'S DIONYSIAN HEYDAY

AMERICA'S PRINCE: JOHN F. KENNEDY JR.

Plus

ARTIE SHAW
GEORGE HAHN
IWA SAKE

THE ORIGINAL DATEJUST, 1945

SIR ALFRED HITCHCOCK

JAMES CAMERON

MARTIN SCORSESE

WHAT MAKES A MASTERPIECE?

Some would stop at a vision. But rare are those who have the drive to bring a visionary idea to life. It takes countless technicians, engineers and craftspeople to achieve it. Each of them dedicated to a precise, expert task. Each of them a crucial part of a complex mechanism which can ultimately elicit a singular emotion. But a masterpiece is more, still. Through the changes time brings to our perception, a masterpiece remains ever relevant. Ever poignant. It owes as much to art as it does to science. Yet there is no precise set of rules to secure the result. Save one: to keep pushing further.
And that will always make it worth celebrating.

#Perpetual

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DATEJUST 41

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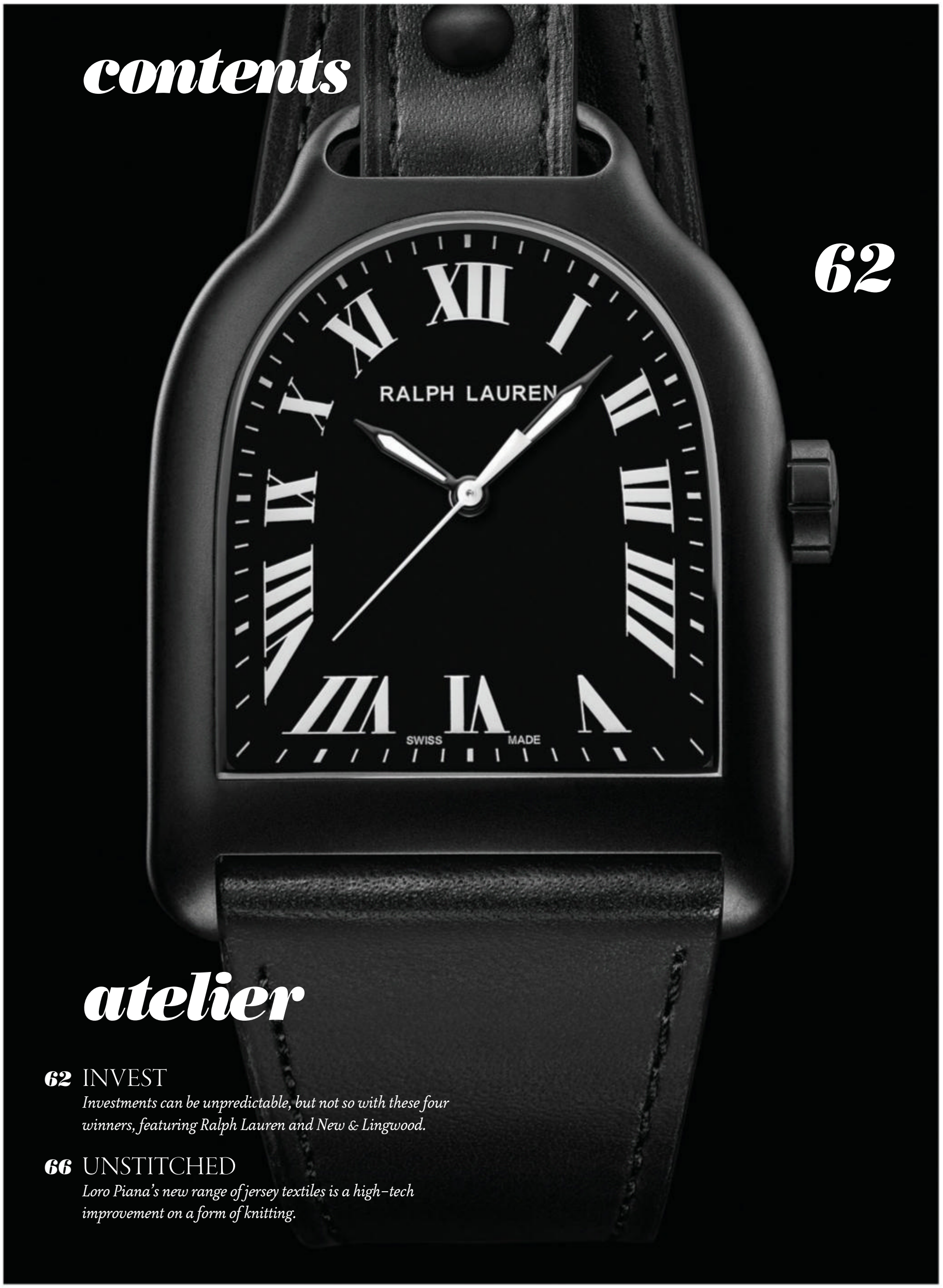

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Letter from the Founder

I've been travelling for the past four weeks, with two more weeks to go. Before I go into the details of my trip, let's pause to examine the enormity of this.

As I left a world that had essentially been locked down to contain the spread of the most virulent pandemic of the past century, I was curious to understand and experience life post-Covid. My simple conclusion is that it is glorious. I am immensely grateful for every moment spent with friends, in person, across a table, laughing, sharing stories and engaging in the most primal and fundamentally necessary behaviour of remaking and strengthening our bonds. One thing you learn as you grow older — and this is something my mother pressed upon me at an early age — is that the number of true friends you retain grows smaller. But these friendships become far more meaningful.

The first week of my trip was spent in the Maldives, where I was able to set foot for the first time in our shops, which have been created in collaboration with Patina Maldives, its proprietor, Evan Kwee, and its fantastic General Manager, Marco Den Ouden.

While we were there we staged a fashion and jewellery shoot, which appears in this issue of the magazine. What was lovely was to work with old friends, such as the model Oriol Elcacho. He is now in his early forties, and a father, but he looks a decade younger. He and his wife, Davinia Pelegri, have formed a dynamic photographic duo; they shot the Lorenzo Cifonelli for *The Rake* feature in our previous issue, among other projects. What was also inspiring was to watch Amo Völker, a model who has graced many of our fashion spreads and who has herself embarked on a promising new career as a photographer and art director. She created the visual direction for this spread while appearing in front of the camera. Her extraordinary work ethic — she had the team shooting her in the water at midnight — was something to behold. I would like to apologise to her for not reminding her to pack my pocket knife (a prop for the shoot) in her checked baggage. Once it was discovered in her backpack at Frankfurt airport, she was apparently escorted by armed police for questioning as the world's most attractive potential terrorist. Amo, who dyed her hair brown a year ago, made one of the most legendary comedic quips of all time when she told me, "You know, Wei, this is the first situation in which I wished I still had blonde hair".

Next stop was La Serenissima, the fabled island of Venice, where I ensconced myself at the fabulous Gritti Palace, the oasis of edification *nonpareil*. I was situated in a lovely room thanks to my dear friend Paolo Lorenzoni — more than the General Manager of Venice's most hallowed hotel, Lorenzoni could well

RICHARD MILLE

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be La Serenissima's mayor, so beloved is he by one and all. My first day turned into an ebullient solo martini-tasting session, though after my third balsamic martini, made by the great Luciano Cristiano, my intended one-hour nap turned into a six-hour deep sleep. Fortunately, I awoke moments before my friend Hani Farsi arrived, and I managed to be dressed and presentable to greet him. Paul and Laurie Feig, one of my favourite couples, made their appearance the following day, and with that we were off on our first culinary adventure — specifically, Vini Da Arturo, where Ernesto, the chef-owner, and Hani (the front of house, not the aforementioned Mr. Farsi) outdid themselves.

The following evening, we were joined by Mo Coppoletta, and with that the Serenissima Society's inaugural meeting was complete. We celebrated at the Aman Venice, followed by a meal with Lorenzoni at the wonderful Antiche Carampane. The entire Venice trip was beyond magnificent, with the exception of a rude front of house at what I've always considered to be the patently overrated Harry's Bar: we were told something akin to, "Here we only accept the Italian Green Pass", which is the country's proof of vaccination status. I grew tired of trying to explain that I had to not only get a vaccination certificate but also have it translated into Italian and notarised at the Italian embassy to enter the country, and simply left. Hani astutely pointed out, "You would think that after Covid everyone in hospitality would become more grateful and thoughtful". From my perspective, everyone has become so, save the staff at Harry's Bar in Venice. But the big takeaway post-Covid is that everyone has choices, and for the immediate future my choice will be not to patronise that establishment. (To be fair, I've never been a fan of their staggeringly overpriced cardboard-tasting carpaccio or the general air of arrogance perpetuated there.)

The next few days were spent with Dolce & Gabbana during their Alta Moda and Alta Sartoria events, which also saw the launch of their home collection and a new watch and jewellery collection. I loved their watch, inspired as it is by the clock in Piazza San Marco. The home collection — in particular the leopard-print furniture — seemed perfectly suited for the *garçonnière* I need to find and decorate in my new post-divorce life. The Alta Moda show, attended by Jennifer Lopez and Dame Helen Mirren and held on a runway constructed in the middle of Piazza San Marco, was as majestic a spectacular as I have ever witnessed. Each of the garments was a celebration of Venice using traditional Italian crafts, and as an expression of artisanship there was nothing like it. It began to rain at the end of the show, and one of the first to head for shelter was Vin Diesel, until he ran into Mirren, who put her arm around him, compelling him to stay until the last model left. Soaked by the rain and the glory of her character, Mirren received a standing ovation from everyone who had decamped to the archways seeking shelter. The next night, the Alta Sartoria show was held at the military boatyard, where a mirrored floating runway was built on the water. Again, the clothing displayed a virtuoso performance in artisanship. The show was cut short when it began to hail golf-ball-sized chunks of ice from the sky and we all ran for shelter in the make-up and hair room. The ensuing party was nothing less than incredible.

From the glamour of Venice and Dolce & Gabbana I travelled to Geneva Watch Days. It was miraculous, uplifting and inspiring to once more be in the throes of a watch fair and to see friends that I've known for close to two decades.

The next two weeks would see me travelling throughout Switzerland to reconnect with the watchmakers I had missed over the past two years. I would also have the pleasure of interviewing Karl-Friedrich Scheufele for a series of videos celebrating the past 25 years of Chopard L.U.C, which was both an enormous pleasure and an honour.

The world has awoken, and I cannot adequately express my happiness at being a part of it. To quote Ricky Fitts in *American Beauty*, over the video of a plastic bag swirling in the wind: "Sometimes there's so much beauty in the world, I feel like I can't take it." But take it I must, and take it I will. Willingly.

—Wei Koh, Founder & Editorial Director
@wei_koh_revolution

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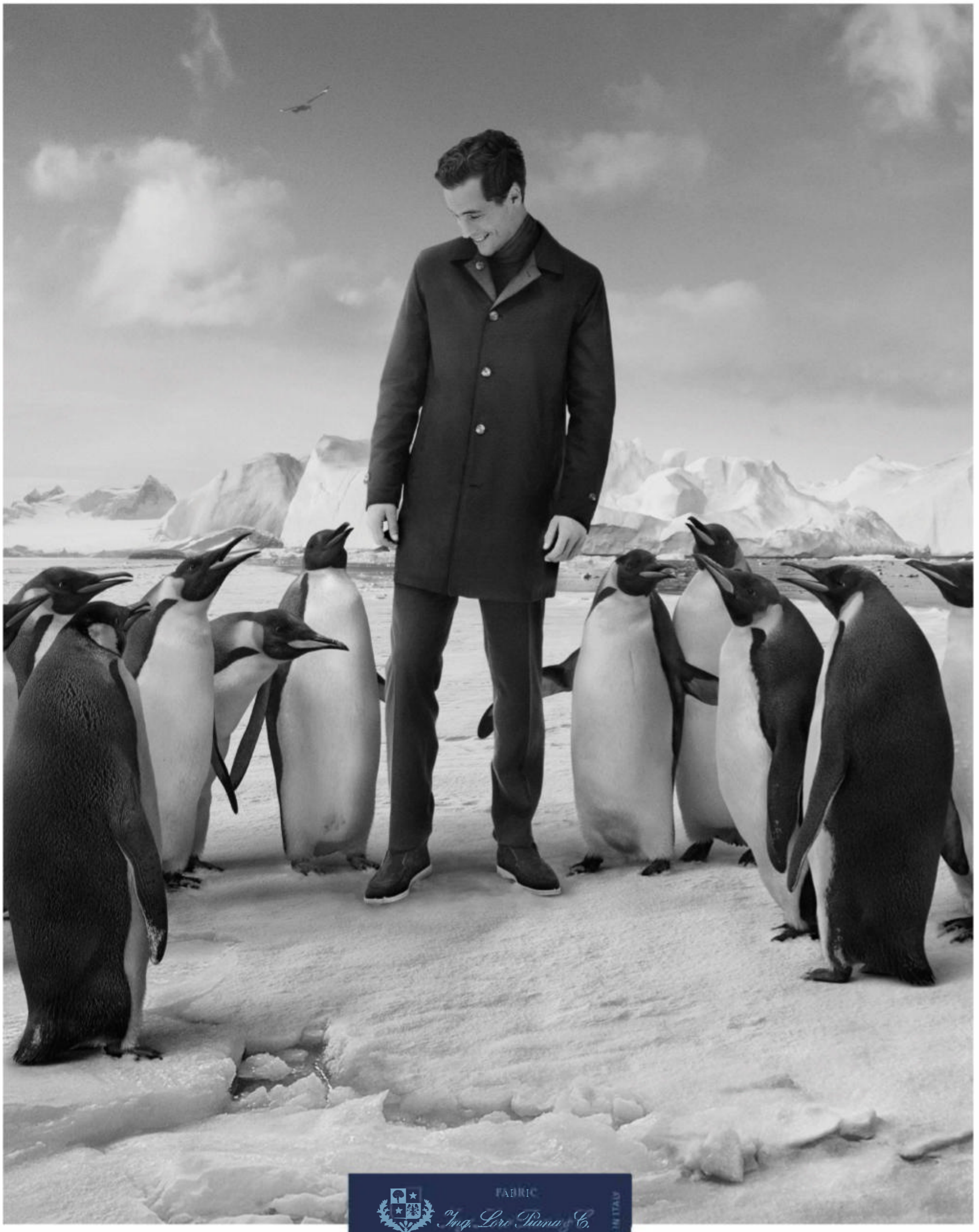

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Letter from the Editor-in-Chief

Whenever I write my letter, I tend to go down one of two routes: superfluous and whimsical or dead-serious and sentimental. As I look at the news today, I see a new Islamic emirate set up by a death cult that has been left to summarily execute musicians, academics and homosexuals; the ongoing financial effects of Covid playing havoc with world economies; shortages galore in Britain because of the slow process of untangling from the E.U.; and if someplace hasn't set on fire, it's probably flooded. In such times it is clear what tone I need to take in this letter. Whimsy it is.

What an issue we have for you. New York is the playground from which we have drawn our inspiration this time. It happened almost by accident, and I wouldn't say this is a New York-themed issue, but nevertheless I tip my well-pinched hat westwards, across the Atlantic, to the great city that has given us such rich arts and culture from both the living and the now dearly departed.

But first to our cover star. Benicio Del Toro has served as a poster boy for *The Rake* for years. He is someone who takes his craft seriously, dedicating his life to the pursuit of complex characters and captivating storytelling. While his appearance in any film augments its artistic merit, there is consistently a mysteriousness about his persona. We have long admired his capacity to morph into multifarious characters with transfixing and mesmeric energy, all the while, away from the camera, maintaining a relatively low public profile. See Nick Scott's interview with Benicio on page 74. For the second issue running, Greg Williams shot *The Rake*'s cover, this time at the wonderful Maybourne Beverly Hills. The sartorial chatelaine of Hollywood, Jeanne Yang, who is the secret weapon of the best-dressed leading men in the business, styled Del Toro for our shoot. We are delighted to have had the opportunity to work with her.

Elsewhere in the issue, Stuart Husband has written not one but two retrospectives: on the life of John F. Kennedy Jr., whose bohemian, bike-riding sense of suave predated anyone currently living in Williamsburg; and on the hedonistic era that was New York in the 1990s, when it felt like the party would never end. The convergence of 'scenes' and cultures in the nineties gave rise to a period of genuine optimism, rather than a dystopian last hurrah, and I recommend reminding yourself of the opportunities that precedent shows us are available.

James Medd profiles one of my favourite musicians, Artie Shaw, whose soothing and blissful clarinet playing in the interwar years belied his high-tempo private life. And I interviewed the caustically witty and rakish George Hahn, whose satire has made him an Instagram sensation and an aesthete whose sense of style has a purpose beyond the surface.

Also in this issue we provide you with some escapism, as we head to the Maldives with Amo Völker and Oriol Elcacho for a photoshoot at the Patina hotel, Fari Islands, conducted by the superb Kim Lang. I believe Kim submerged himself in the baby-blue waters of the Indian Ocean to ensure he got the most compelling shots. Try guessing which ones …

There is good news to report in the sense that the U.K. is getting its act together. This is not, as you might expect, exhibited by a shrinking gap between rich and poor, or by a reduction in drug-related deaths in Scotland. No, exhibit A here is that the Speaker of the House of Commons, the eminently sensible Sir Lindsay Hoyle, has demanded that our politicians make an effort to look smarter in the chamber. Exhibit B is the fact that sales of suits have surged by more than 200 per cent. While we complain in Britain about who flies flags where and which historical figures should be cancelled or not, should you wish to feel patriotic — or even Anglophilic — these nuggets should get the ball rolling nicely.

Enjoy the issue.

— Tom Chamberlin, Editor-in-Chief
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KIM LANG

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THE ARTISAN OF EMOTIONS – SINCE 1860

Contributors

Greg established his reportage style as a photojournalist in the 1990s, covering war zones in Burma, Chechnya and Sierra Leone. An assignment for *The Sunday Times Magazine* gave him his first access to the film industry, and he has now shot specials on more than 200 movies, including four poster campaigns for the Bond franchise. Greg has also enjoyed exclusive access to the Baftas, the Golden Globes and the Oscars, and is a regular contributor to *Vanity Fair* and British *Vogue*. In addition to his photographic output, Greg is a filmmaker, principally with his first-person documentaries, and a product designer (his Leica Q2, in partnership with Daniel Craig, is Leica's fastest selling large-scale edition). His education platform, Skills Faster, is home to his Candid Photography course, which has the intention of democratising good photography. After 30 years in the business, Greg's talent and brand relationships are second to none. He publishes exclusives to more than 800,000 followers on Instagram and at gregwilliams.com, where he sells his products and prints, and Greg Williams Photography operates from his studio/gallery space in Mayfair. For the second issue running, Greg has shot our cover star — last time in Cannes, this time in L.A. Where next?

GREG WILLIAMS

Charlie is an international fashion and portrait photographer based in London. He is known for his playful, cinematic and intimate photographs that capture his subjects iconically. Gray is inspired by past photography masters Richard Avedon and Terry O'Neill and filmmakers Martin Scorsese and Michael Mann. Charlie has become a regular in these pages; this time he worked with us on our collaboration with Audemars Piguet, harnessing his environment's colour and texture to produce images that are dynamic and exciting (page 98).

CHARLIE GRAY

Ross Povey, the founder of TudorCollector.com, is regarded as the world's leading expert on vintage Tudor watches. And although an expert on Rolex and Tudor watches primarily, Ross's work covers the entire field of horology, and he is currently the Editor-in-Chief of *Revolution* magazine in the U.K. He writes for and has contributed to some of the most influential horological publications, including *The Daily Telegraph*, *Bulang & Sons*, *Watchonista*, *Hodinkee* and *QP*, and is the co-author of the book *Daytona Perpetual*, a celebration of the automatic Rolex Daytona released through Pucci Papaleo Editore. Ross is also an international speaker and regularly hosts watch events in the U.K. and Europe. For this issue of the magazine he interviewed Sir Jackie Stewart at Silverstone (page 154) and examined in depth the new Audemars Piguet Royal Oak Offshore 43mm (page 98).

ROSS POVEY

The Luxembourg-born photographer Kim Lang had his first taste of the medium at an early age, as he travelled around the world throughout his childhood with his grandfather, who was an animal-documentary filmmaker. Moving to London at the age of 20 in 2010 set Kim on his own journey into the world of art, portraiture and fashion photography. Since then he has worked for independent and commercial publications alike, crafting eclectic imagery that evokes a sense of classic and conceptual art, and with a strong graphic composition. In his free time he enjoys travelling and documenting cultures and landscapes. For this issue of *The Rake* he travelled to the Maldives for a new challenge, submerging himself in the Indian Ocean and contending with harsh light to create the ultimate resort shoot (page 114).

KIM LANG

cover photographer **greg williams**
fashion direction **jeanne yang**

Eveningwear, shirt, bow-tie and pocket-square, all **Giorgio Armani**; ring, *Benicio's own.*

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NEW & LINGWOOD

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KEN DOLL; GEORGE OF THE JUNGLE; **BANDS OF MARRIAGE;** DOG TOWN; **GUESS WHOSE BACK.**

GETTY IMAGES

John F. Kennedy Jr. at the White House Correspondents' dinner in 1999.

THE PRESIDENT THAT NEVER WAS

How different would the 21st century have looked had John F. Kennedy Jr. lived? Impossible to say, of course, but that hasn't stopped some observers casting the liberal scion in the role of American saviour.

by ***stuart husband***

Not long ago, a fresh rumour gained traction amid the phantasmagoria of the QAnon conspiracy theory–industrial complex. It held that John F. Kennedy Jr. had faked his death in a plane crash in 1999 and was about to emerge from a Pennsylvania bolthole to be declared Donald Trump's vice-presidential pick for the 2020 election. Some went further, positing that JFK Jr. was responsible for the recondite call-to-action postings of Q himself.

For a movement that contains such self-evident truths as the existence of a cannibalistic cabal of paedophiles running the 'deep state' from the basements of Washington pizza parlours, this particular shibboleth not only verged on the comparatively plausible but tapped into an inchoate yearning for the advent of some kind of American saviour, maybe the yin to Trump's yang. In any case, it was a suitably Arthurian allusion for a man who seemed to embody all the gilded, truncated promise of the Camelot his name and inheritance conferred. Ridiculously handsome, shadowed by tragedy, JFK Jr. was the nearest thing the republic had to a bona fide dauphin, a role he regarded with no little ambiguity. "It's hard for me to talk about a legacy or a mystique," he said in a 1993 interview. "It's my family. The fact that there have been difficulties and hardships, or obstacles, makes us closer."

That John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr. should have grown up in the public eye was a given. He was born two and a half weeks after his father's victory in the 1960 presidential election, and became the first infant to live in the White House since 1893. But two images seared him indelibly in the national consciousness: the *Life* magazine shot of him as a toddler, playing under the Resolute desk in the Oval Office as his father looked indulgently on; and, on his third birthday, the heartbreaking salute he gave his father's coffin as it rolled by outside St. Matthew's Cathedral in Washington (his mother, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy, had leaned down and prompted him to pay homage in advance). The newspapers subsequently gave him a nickname — John-John — that was equal parts mawkish and proprietary.

Young John Jr. had natural ebullience — his Secret Service detail codenamed him 'Lark', for his rambunctiousness — but his mother also commented on his precipitate maturity: "Sometimes it almost seems that he's trying to protect me, instead of just the other way around." The question of security seemed even more pressing after Robert Kennedy's assassination in 1968, and Jackie's answer was to marry the Greek shipping tycoon Aristotle Onassis, propelling John into a roundelay of New York private schools and summers in Monte Carlo, Paris, Athens and Skorpios, Onassis's Greek island. At the same time, his mother was at pains to ensure he was on at least nodding terms with the prosaic — "Unless he's allowed freedom, he'll be a vegetable," she told her bodyguards — even regarding John's mugging in Central Park when he was 13 as a salutary experience. As an adult, he made a point of riding the subway and playing frisbee on the park's Great Lawn. "I have a pretty normal life, surprisingly," he once told Larry King.

John had natural ebullience — his Secret Service detail codenamed him 'Lark', for his rambunctiousness.

For 'normal' read 'as much as the ever-present crushing weight of expectation will allow'. As the scion of an almost mythic dynasty, John knew his every move would be scrutinised. He flirted with an acting career, and graduated from Brown University in 1983, majoring in American history. He was also mindful of his grandmother Rose's frequently voiced mantra, a paraphrase of Luke 12:48: "Of those to whom much is given, much is required." He taught English to underprivileged children, lobbied against the apartheid regime in South Africa, and, after enrolling at New York University Law School in Manhattan in 1986, defended minors accused of felonies in Brooklyn Family Court and worked with the homeless and disabled. He passed the New York State bar exam on his third attempt — giving gleeful tabloid editors the chance to label him 'The Hunk That Flunked' — and joined the District Attorney's office, racking up a perfect 6-0 conviction record before resigning in 1993, claiming his heart was never really in the law. "I don't want to be just another passenger on a liner," he said.

For many, this should have marked the moment when John bowed to the inevitable and entered the political fray. After all, hadn't he given a speech at the Democratic Convention in 1988, invoking his father's legacy, no less — "because he is with us still" — and receiving a two-minute standing ovation? Yet it seemed that he didn't want to buy into that ticket, either.

GETTY IMAGES

John Jr. salutes as the casket of his father, the late President John F. Kennedy, is carried from St. Matthew's Cathedral in Washington in 1963.

GETTY IMAGES

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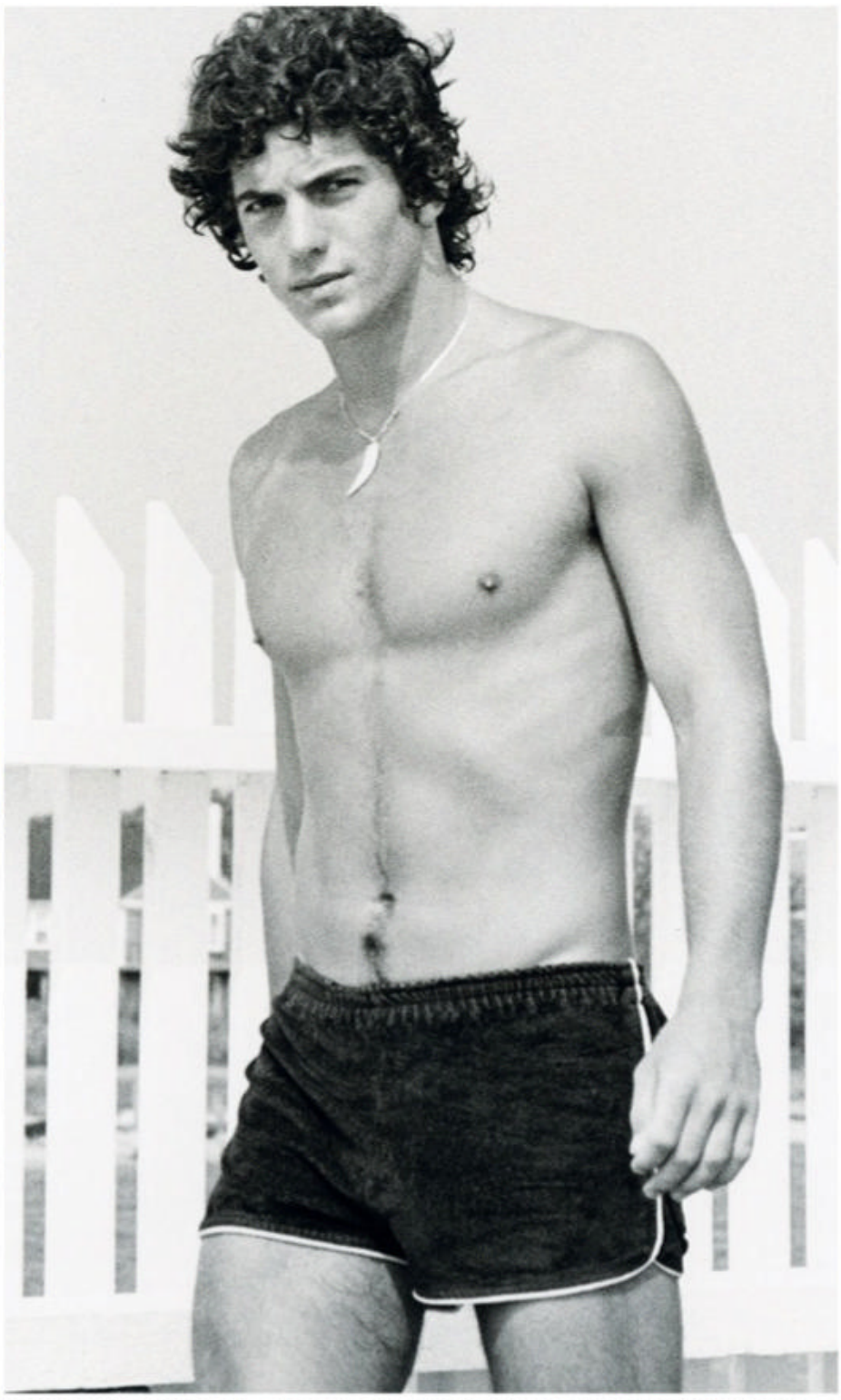
WHO IS
THE RAKE



Clockwise from top left: the Kennedys on vacation in Hyannis Port; Labor Day in Hyannis Port, 1980; at the U.S. Open tennis tournament in Forest Hills, 1976; graduation day at the Phillips academy in Andover, 1979; and with his sister, Caroline, at a charity gala.

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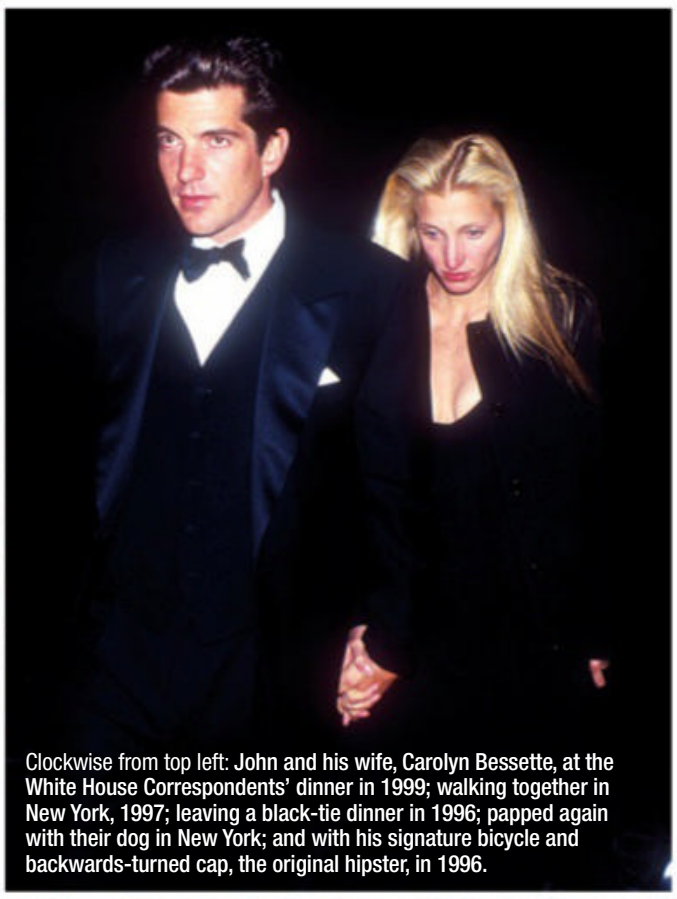


Clockwise from top left: John and his wife, Carolyn Bessette, at the White House Correspondents' dinner in 1999; walking together in New York, 1997; leaving a black-tie dinner in 1996; papped again with their dog in New York; and with his signature bicycle and backwards-turned cap, the original hipster, in 1996.

GETTY IMAGES

"A public career — it's a lot to bite off," he told a T.V. interviewer when the subject inevitably loomed. "And you'd better have your life set up for it, and you'd better be prepared for the long haul."

As the nineties came in, he seemed content to assume the role of a kind of fresh prince of the New York social scene. He was voted sexiest man alive by *People* magazine (the citation enumerated his "regulated billows of brown hair atop a face of chiselled perfection and a honeyed, honed torso that is frequently exposed"). He was often seen rollerblading (and was generally regarded as the only person ever to look remotely cool while doing so). He affected a 'scumbro' look — berets, puffa jackets, baggy dad jeans, hiking boots — years before the likes of *Succession*'s Kendall Roy did so ("The thing about John was, he looked like Superman in a suit, but every day he was kind of a slob," said Steven M. Gillon, the author of *America's Reluctant Prince: The Life of John F. Kennedy Jr*. "It was a kind of reverse elitism, where those of us who are trying to be respectable try to look nice, but John knew he didn't have to"). He had a string of girlfriends, culminating in a tempestuous relationship with *Splash* and *Blade Runner* star Daryl Hannah. And he features in three of the era-defining east coast comedies: he's posited as a would-be suitor for Elaine in *Seinfeld*; he's lauded as a social saviour for Samantha in *Sex and the City*; and he actually appears in *Murphy Brown*, to hysterical screams from the studio audience, when Candice Bergen's titular news anchor mistakes him for her new secretary (his slightly hammy cameo suggests that he was wise to forswear the thespian life).

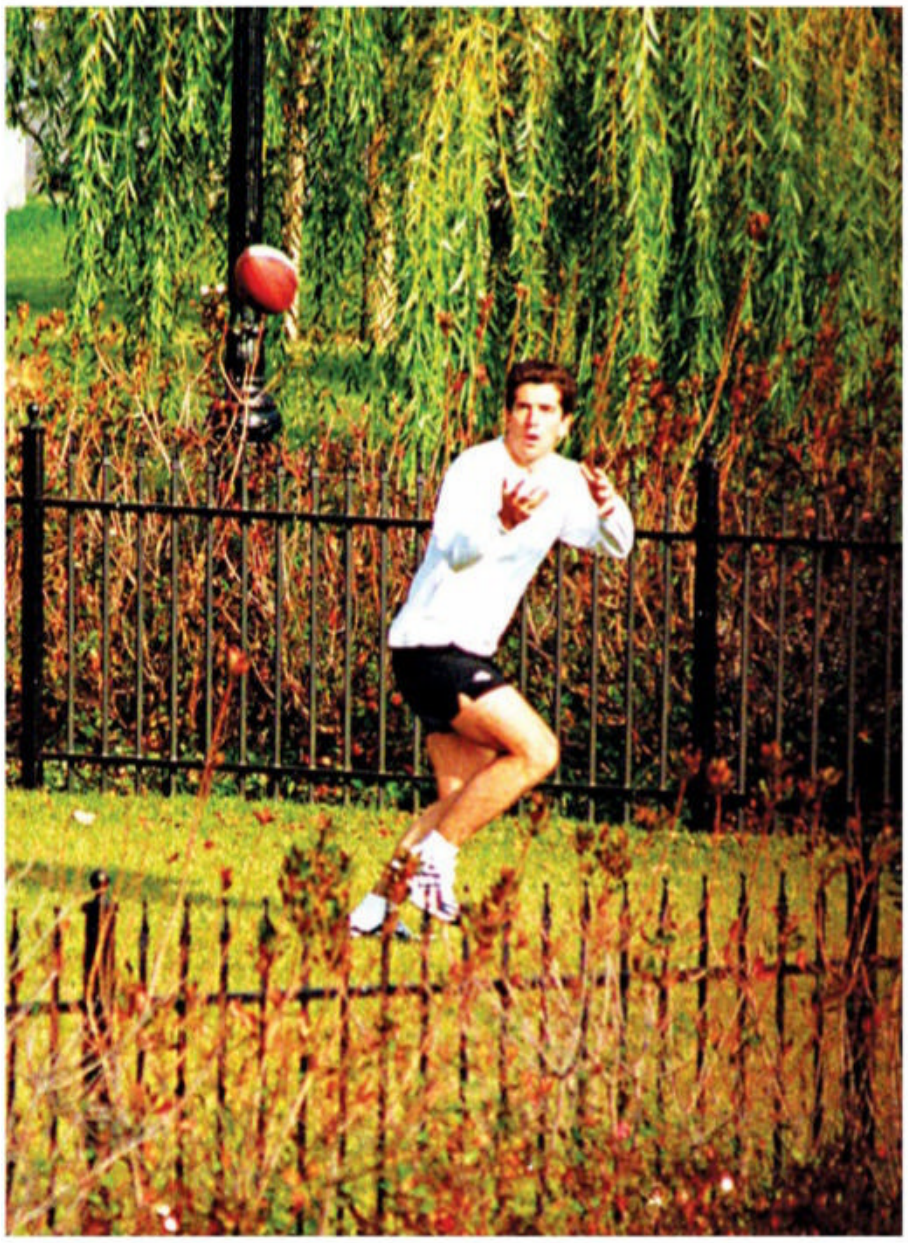
The *Murphy Brown* slot was part of John's effort to hype what would prove to be his most enduring venture: the glossy *George*, which was, in his words, "a lifestyle magazine with politics at its core, illuminating the points where it converges with business, media, entertainment, fashion, art and science". If, as the old adage has it, politics is showbusiness for ugly people, *George* looked to bridge the gap, with Cindy Crawford dressed as George Washington as its debut cover star (or, at least, George Washington had he assiduously worked on his ab crunches and developed a penchant for crop-tops). John, who omitted both his middle initial and 'Jr.' on his business cards, observed in a 1988 interview with *USA Today*, "I think everyone needs to feel they've created something that was their own, on their own terms". His imprimatur was all over the magazine, as interviewer (it turned out that his Rolodex encompassed everyone from Billy Graham to his father's nemesis, Fidel Castro); essayist (he called out his first cousins Joseph and Michael in a celebrated piece as "poster boys for bad behaviour"); and centrefold (a nude shot of him, gazing longingly at an apple, appeared in, of all things, the women's issue).

By this time, however, such blatant come-ons were strictly business. John had met Carolyn Bessette in the early 1990s, allegedly while jogging in Central Park; a few days later he turned up at the Calvin Klein showrooms on Madison Avenue, where she worked as head publicist, and walked out with three suits and her phone number. Bessette, whose Connecticut high-school class had named her the 'Ultimate Beautiful Person' in 1983, had model looks and a poise that was soon severely tested by everything that came with close Kennedy proximity: paparazzi run-ins, leaked videotape of an explosive tiff in Central Park, etc. However, they married in 1996 on Cumberland Island, off the coast of Georgia, and seemed destined to inhabit a societal niche that Prince Harry and Meghan Markle would come to occupy three decades later: media and charitable eminence enhanced by quasi-regal status.

It turned out that his Rolodex encompassed everyone from Billy Graham to his father's nemesis, Fidel Castro.

That was before the fateful night in July 1999, when John opted to pilot his Piper Saratoga to a cousin's wedding in Hyannis Port, accompanied by Carolyn and her sister, Lauren. Always physically improvident — he'd previously gone to Mount Rushmore not with the intention of gazing on his father's predecessors but to rappel down the faces of Jefferson, Washington, et al — his decision to fly at night without a full licence surely played its part in the plane's subsequent disappearance. But the overwhelming sense, once again, was of promise snuffed out and potential nullified in the face of what seemed a near-Biblical Kennedy blight.

Two decades on, it's not just swivel-eyed QAnon-ers who think John F. Kennedy Jr. might have been the transcendent figure to save American politics from its seemingly intractable partisanship. "Things would be different [had he lived]," the rightwing commentator Ann Coulter told *The Hollywood Reporter*. "The polarisation and hatred would have to be less because he set a standard." Or maybe he would have chafed against its confines. "To have a great life," he once said, "you have to have an adventurous life." Abbreviated though it was, JFK Jr.'s was lived to the full.



Clockwise from top: Interviewing the former U.S. president Gerald Ford for *George* magazine in 1996; promoting the magazine on Jay Leno, 1998; looking like the true American prince in 1991; and candid shots of him playing football in Central Park.

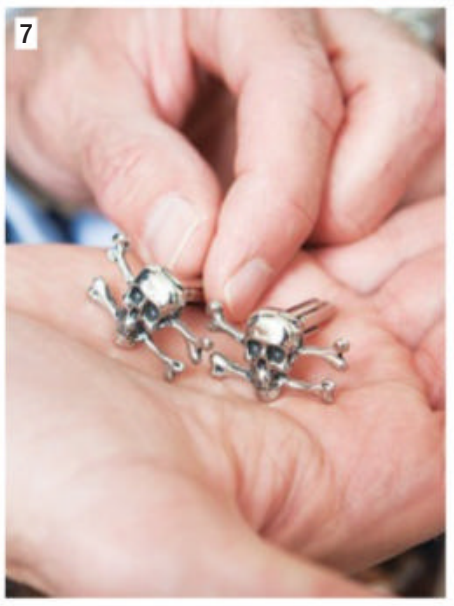
Opposite: Weaving through traffic at 7th and 56th in Manhattan.

GETTY IMAGES, SHUTTERSTOCK

HOPE IN HELL

The internet sartorialist George Hahn cut Fox News down to size, and then went home to read **THE RAKE.** *That's the kind of style we can all get behind…*

by ***tom chamberlin*** *photography* ***rose callahan***



1 This silver cup was given to his mother as a gift when she was pregnant with George. "She gave it to me when I was old enough to not ruin it," he says. He still uses it, not for drinking but for keeping his collar stiffeners safe.

2 This is a steel sports watch from Mougin & Piquard. It keeps extremely good time, and the steel goes well with the silver and steel accessories he wears.

3 His stepfather, Bob, gave him this Swiss army knife for Christmas 10 years ago. "I love this thing, I use something from it a couple of times a week at least," George says. "I think every guy should have one of them."

4 Another gift from his baby shower, an infant's hairbrush, and therefore the same age as George — only just over 50, would you believe? He has two dogs but cannot use this on them: "They require something much tougher."

5 These are the typical out-and-about paraphernalia you'd find on George when he takes to the Manhattan streets. The Field Notes book always goes in his right-inside pocket, the iPhone in the inside-left. The stationery is made by Ted Harrington at Terrapin Stationers, a family business in Connecticut. All jotted on with the Parker Jotter. "I like taking notes by hand, I always carry a pen," George says. And, of course, the Ray-Ban Aviator sunglasses to match.

6 This 'bullet' is a trinket he inherited from his father. "He had a heart condition and used to carry his meds around in there in case he ever needed them. It is very precious to me."

7 Silver skull-and-crossbones cufflinks from Fine & Dandy. "I am low on the bling," he admits. His bracelet in the main picture, as well as the watch, are about as far as things go. The bracelet is a medical bracelet given to him by a friend.

8 These Oliver Peoples reading spectacles are something of a signature of George's; most of his videos feature them. "I got those glasses when *Mad Men* was on and everyone was having a sixties craze." The lenses are progressive transitioning readers so he doesn't have to keep taking them off and putting them on.

For me, George Hahn is an unexpected delight in a topsy-turvy, unbalanced world that needs perspective, humour and great coffee. This raconteur du jour on the Instagram scene shot to prominence when he posted a video he calls the "78 seconds that changed my life". It was a satirical take on Fox News' insistence that, in the wake of George Floyd's killing, the metropolitan heartlands of America resembled war zones. In the video Hahn repeated these lines but added that it was a "hellscape" because the streets were lined with people "getting ice cream" and "having dinner". Then an editor in New York emailed me a link to a *New York Times* profile of a man pictured in his apartment with a copy of *The Rake* on show. Same guy! George is an unabashed sartorialist who, he says, "opened *The Rake* and said, 'Oh, I'm home'."

He is invariably immaculately dressed in his videos, and has for years been posting on YouTube with tips for dressing. As such, he is a man after our own hearts, and a perfect subject for this column.

A navy blue suit is George's uniform. "I like to wear blue the way Tom Ford wears black," he says. This particular suit is a three-roll-two from Suit Supply. The trousers have had the belt loops removed, as he prefers side adjusters. His shirt is from Proper Cloth. The shoes are Alden Balmoral brogues made from cordovan leather. "Always in cordovan," he says. "It is a bitch to break in but, man, I love it: it is durable and the care is minimal." The tie is a grenadine from Kiton and the pocket-square by the husband-and-wife brand General Knot. George's approach is meticulous but not in the pursuit of perfection. "Perfection is characterless," he says, "so there will always be a flaw, like an off-centred dimple in the tie."

Artie Shaw.

GETTY IMAGES

SWING TIME

Artie Shaw was the king of jazz in the interwar years, a slick and suave performer who raked in the big bucks every time he picked up a clarinet. Unfortunately for Artie, the control he enjoyed on stage was lost when it came to his restless and torturous life.

by ***james medd***

Artie Shaw was easy to love but hard to like. Good looking, immaculately stylish and supremely talented, he dominated the swing era as the 'King of the Clarinet', inciting the devotion of the jazz cognoscenti and the paying public — as well as many of the most beautiful women of his time. Despite this, he lived a life of dissatisfaction, resentment and misanthropy, contemptuous of all around him and even of his own spectacular gifts.

A master of his instrument, he sold millions of records while also pushing popular music in new directions. With a restlessness that began in his teens, he lived as many lives as a cat, burning through jobs, bands and marriages as he pursued not only music but a string of secondary careers and sporting achievements with astonishing relentlessness. A devotee of analysis, he was himself a psychologist's model patient: a self-proclaimed "compulsive perfectionist", obsessive, introvert and a lone wolf, always moving from one band to another, from one wife to another, and even from one life to another.

By 15 he was proficient in the saxophone and the clarinet, at which point he left home to make his living on the road.

It was a pattern that took shape at an early age. Shaw, for all his effortless style, came from the school of hard knocks. Born Arthur Ashawsky to Russian Jewish immigrants who struggled to make a living in the garment trade, he moved at a young age from New York to Connecticut. Though he was a voracious reader, his aptitude for music arrived early, and by 15 he was proficient in the saxophone and the clarinet, at which point he left home to make his living on the road.

He spent time in Cleveland, where he picked up skills as an arranger, then Chicago, where he discovered Louis Armstrong and other black jazz players, then Hollywood and back to Chicago, this time to fall under the spell of classical composers including Stravinsky and Debussy. By 1933 he was in New York, playing in radio orchestras as a session musician, turning his hand to everything from soap opera themes to dance tunes. These experiences, both the inspirationally positive and the soul-drubbingly negative, eventually coalesced in his first band, formed in 1936. Combining the rhythm section of the hot new swing sound with a string quartet and his own clarinet, the group was an almost instant success with his composition *Interlude in B Flat* attracting serious attention. Two years later, after enlarging the band to fit in with an audience that demanded to dance, he had his first big hit, with *Begin the Beguine*, an arrangement of the Cole Porter song that would become his legacy, for both good and ill. Other hits followed, including *Stardust*, *Moonglow*, *Rosalie* and *Frenesi*, and as swing dominated all, Shaw was among the superstars of his age. He sold an estimated 50m records (some say 100m), and by 1940 was earning $60,000 a week at a time when other entertainment heavyweights were happy to be taking home $5,000.

With success came the gossip pages, their chief interest his endlessly dramatic love life. Suave and handsome as he was, he was soon co-opted into the movies, appearing with his current band in 1939's *Dancing Co-Ed*. The star of the picture was a 19-year-old actress called Lana Turner, recently dubbed the Sweater Girl and well on her way to the pin-up status that would see her image emblazoned across world war II fighter planes. Once the film was over, Shaw, who had already seen off two wives, drove Turner to Vegas, where they were married the same night.

Turner later said it was the intellect Shaw displayed on that drive that convinced her to marry him, but the pair were divorced within four months. Shaw was not at all put off matrimony by the experience, going on to marry five more times, including short-lived spells with Ava Gardner, *Gone With the Wind* star Evelyn Keyes and the writer Kathleen Winsor, the author of the scandalous 1944 potboiler *Forever Amber*, which was banned in 14 American states.

Clockwise from top left: Shaw with the author Kathleen Winsor at the Stork Club; with his fourth wife, Betty Kern, and their son; with Ava Gardner; and with Lana Turner, arriving in New York by train in 1940.

GETTY IMAGES

STILE LATINO

direttore creativo | Vincenzo Attolini

Artie Shaw leads his band during a scene from the movie *Second Chorus* in 1940.

Though he also found time for affairs with Betty Grable, Judy Garland and Rita Hayworth, Shaw's fondness for weddings was so famous it even made it into literature, with P.G. Wodehouse creating a character for 1949's *The Mating Season* who "even knows how many times Artie Shaw has been married, which I'll bet he couldn't tell you himself". In later years, Shaw concluded that they were less marriages than "legalised affairs", though he couldn't resist adding, "People ask me why I married Ava Gardner. Did you ever *see* Ava Gardner?"

Shaw's fondness for weddings was so famous it even made it into literature, with P.G. Wodehouse's The Mating Season.

Still, invoking the 'different times' excuse didn't account for why Shaw was no better at keeping a band together than he was a marriage. In his career he swung constantly between giving the people what they wanted and following his progressive instincts, often with dire consequences for his fellow musicians. In between scoring the hits, his combination of jazz and classical helped birth what would become known as third stream music, and, compared to his great rival, Tommy Dorsey, he was a full-on experimentalist. He saw the potential of a young Billie Holiday, having played on her radical 1936 version of *Summertime*, and defied the segregation laws by taking her on tour in the southern states. While jazz's post-war fringes were too much for him ("It doesn't have to sound like broken crockery to be jazz," he sniped), his most avant-garde group, The Gramercy Five, even saw him tackle bebop.

His restless nature meant he was always trying something new before returning, resentfully but profitably, to giving the audience the hits. Over the years, his attitude calcified into amusing contempt, always good for a comment along the lines of, "Every time someone comes up to me and says, 'Oh, Mr. Shaw, I love *Begin the Beguine*', I want to vomit." But even at the height of his fame he was unable to hide his disgust with those members of his audience looking only for a good time, referring to jitterbugging swing fans as "morons". His belief in his own musical integrity was often expressed in anger, fuelled by an intellectual superiority that led Lana Turner to recount that he treated her "like an untutored blonde savage, and took no pains to conceal his opinion".

Even so, few musicians of his stature would have walked away from fame and riches, as he did halfway through a show at New York's Café Rouge in December 1939. Stopping only to inform his lawyer that he had retired, he headed for Acapulco, where he swam and sunbathed with the intention of leaving music behind him. Within a year he was back,

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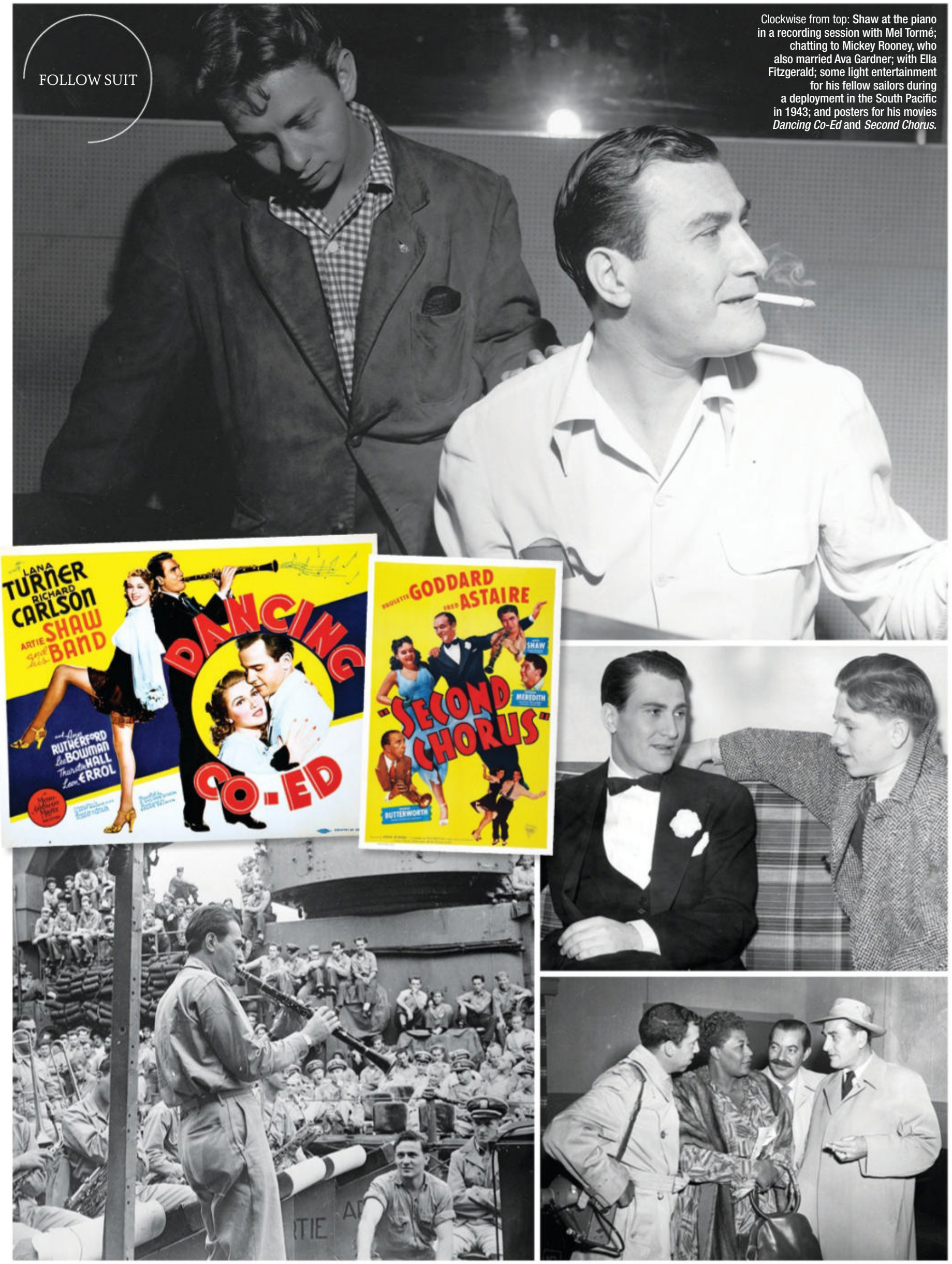
Clockwise from top: Shaw at the piano in a recording session with Mel Tormé; chatting to Mickey Rooney, who also married Ava Gardner; with Ella Fitzgerald; some light entertainment for his fellow sailors during a deployment in the South Pacific in 1943; and posters for his movies *Dancing Co-Ed* and *Second Chorus*.



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MILANO 1911

Fans line the front of a Broadway theatre in preparation for Artie Shaw's triumphant return to the stage following his naval service in the second world war.

having discovered a tune called *Frenesi* in the local bars that he knew would be a hit, but the incident was no one-off.

He had left music before, aged just 23, for a new life as a farmer in rural Pennsylvania. That time he returned to New York with the intention of resuming his education but fell back into music as a means of supporting himself. In 1950 he did it again, disenchanted as he found himself again entertaining his audience with a crowd-pleasing big band, this time buying a dairy farm in upstate New York, where he resolved to herd cows and become a writer. He published the semi-autobiographical *The Trouble with Cinderella* (the trouble being that "nobody ever lives happily ever after"), a book that divided critics sharply between those who saw an insightful view on the artist's battle between art and commerce and others who found his over-reaching, mangled prose evidence of self-obsession and pretension.

He returned to music once more before finally retiring his clarinet, and supposedly turning it into a lampstand. Here, at the age of 44, he began a series of secondary careers, first moving to Spain's Costa Brava to build a hillside mansion and to study fishing and astronomy with the same dedication he had given music. He continued writing, publishing novels and short stories, though his magnum opus, another autobiographical novel that ran to 1,000 pages, remained unfinished. Returning to the U.S., he built a rifle range and became the fourth-ranked marksman in the country. He became an expert fly-fisherman, worked in film distribution and screenwriting, farmed, and studied mathematics, the Talmud and classical guitar. He lectured at universities about music, literature, art and, as "the ex-husband of love goddesses and an authority on divorce", on 'Consecutive Monogamy and an Ideal Divorce'. Throughout, he continued to share his unfiltered opinions about life, ex-colleagues and his ever-disappointing audience on radio and television.

He lectured at universities about music, literature, art, and 'Consecutive Monogamy and an Ideal Divorce'.

In the eighties, he even returned to music, though this time as bandleader rather than player, until, inevitably, he grew sick of the business and public expectations. His death in 2004, from symptoms related to diabetes, closed a long and full life, though he gave little indication of having gained serenity or satisfaction from it. Some years before, asked for his own epitaph by the publication *Who's Who in America*, he suggested, "He did the best he could with the material at hand". During a lecture at the University of Southern California, he mentioned that he had reconsidered. "I've been thinking it over and I've decided it ought to be shorter," he told the students. "I've cut it down to two words: go away."

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The cockapoo is the first ever spawn of two different purebred breeds. It is, literally, adorable by design — so much so that those arbiters of good taste, New Yorkers, will pay at least two and a half thousand bucks for one.

by ***ethan*** *as told to* ***nick scott***

I can tell yooz all, being a hybrid is a source of immense pride — and I'm being dead-ass truthful about that. Being a designer dog means that I'm neither one of those arbitrary mutts with the genetic variety of a U.N. summit nor one of those darned best-in-show, worst-in-health purebred preeners — ya know, all silky, droopy ears and chronic hip dysplasia. No, it's dumb good luck being the result of a carefully crafted quest, back in the 1960s, to cherry-pick the best virtues from Cocker Spaniels and Miniature Poodles.

See, the thing about us hybrids is, we have what people in this neck of the woods call 'indoovidooality': to put it more scientifically, we're in an intermediate stage of high variation, just like purebred pedigree dawgs once were, until generations of careful husbandry homogenised that particular variety of animal. One day, a pure Cockapoo gene pool will breed true. For now, though, we can be 12 pounds or 12 kilos, any colour on the canine follicle spectrum, and have coats that might be disco-frizzy or Afghan-Hound straight (if you've acquired one of the latter, they'll be needing a 70-buck professional strimming each month if you don't want a dawg with dreads).

Same with temperament: we can be the happy-go-pluckiest pooches you'll ever meet or the type of animal that gets in a shvitz if the Jinx (in my case, chicken, brown rice and pumpkin, since you're askin') ain't in the bowl on time. We're always, always single-minded in spirit, though. (One particularly feisty distant relative of mine across the Pond in England, during a month on the run from his owners, recently caused some little backstreet called the M6 to be closed down by the cops for an hour.)

Cocker Spaniels were first bred as hunting dogs in Britain, the word 'cocker' referring to the Eurasian woodcock they used to pursue for their Purdey-toting masters. Reality is, they ain't too hot on the hunt these days: there's actually a popular saying in the gundog world that Labradors are born half-trained and Spaniels die half-trained. As for poodles, they were bred by French noblemen to retrieve fowl from water, but they ain't been used on a genuine shoot since the 17th century — so good luck getting one to jump from its silk cushion and dip those dainty nails into a lake here in 2021.

And so — hands up — us cockapoos are total bozos when it comes to hunting credentials. That's fine by me. See, according to a noo study released by Rover.com, we've displaced all other dog breeds as the most popular in Noo York — and we're talking here about the city that never sleeps when it comes to trying to get those redneck schmucks at the NRA to ditch the crazy misreading of the Second Amendment and lay down their Glocks and Springfields. Dog owners in this city would rather trek the length of Manhattan butt-naked but for a MAGA cap than see their dawgs darting into the park from Fifth Avenue and draggin' waterfowl outta the pond: they want us to be mingling with the mallards, dancin' with the ducks, hangin' with the herons. Noo Yorkers are civilised folks, and I give 'em props for that.

Given that the denizens of Carnegie Hill and Hudson Yards are shelling out two-and-a-half thousand bucks-plus for us these days, 'dem props are clearly reciprocated.

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GETTY IMAGES

REAR ADMIRABLE

Vikki Dougan has been described as a midcentury Emily Ratajkowski or Kim Kardashian, a celebrity who 'brazenly claimed attention for her figure, exercising her agency as a woman to do so'. Dougan's fame burned brightly and briefly...

by ***david smiedt***

In an assisted living facility in Beverly Hills, there lives a spry 92-year-old named Edith Tooker. Secreted away until the time is right is her memoir, *Backless in Hollywood and Other Tales*. It's a document so incendiary that it could reframe Hollywood history — and to such a degree that it has been likened to "a mid-century Me Too".

Spanning the bridge between then and now is the night of February 28, 1957, the 14th Golden Globes. Waiting in the wings to present the best supporting actor award to Earl Holliman was a head-turning ingenue in a town already full of them. The name she had adopted was Vikki Dougan, and she had a problem. The mink stole she was wearing over a pink satin backless dress had to be held in place by hand, meaning she wouldn't be able to present the gong and shake Holliman's paw. The quandary was that she was one mitt short and the shawl had been discarded. Had this been a movie scene, it would have fallen to the Ambassador Hotel floor in delicious slow motion, after which the camera would have panned south from a pair of tanned shoulder blades along a strong spine and come to rest exactly where the dress had done. Namely, a few tantalising centimetres above a bottom strategically alluded to.

Dougan's — or Tooker's — back was such a showstopper that Hollywood lore had her once being banned from another star's preview party because her backless formal dresses were drawing too much attention. More Hollywood gossip even had notorious bombshells Jayne Mansfield and Zsa Zsa Gabor going from blonde to a shade of green at the thought of Dougan's presence.

For a handful of glorious years, Dougan was one of the most famous women in Los Angeles and therefore the world. This despite a cinematic output that was as brief as it was scant.

The happenstance of her Golden Globes wardrobe conundrum was a publicist's (wet) dream. In an era in which La La Land tumesced with single-body-part brands like Jane Russell ('The Bust') and Betty Grable ('Million Dollar Legs'), Dougan was christened 'The Back'. And the silhouette became as much of a trademark as Durante's nose, Marilyn's mole or Groucho's cigar. It even got her a cover of *Life* magazine.

Those who feel passionately about such things have widely likened Jessica Rabbit — or at least the view of her from behind — to Dougan. The creator disagrees, but when you really look...

What is indisputable is that she resembled no less than Audrey Hepburn's less strait-laced sibling. In fact, *The New York Times* has described her thus: "With her impish, winking sexuality, Ms. Dougan was a midcentury Emily Ratajkowski or Kim Kardashian: a sensational beauty who seemed to brazenly claim attention for her figure, exercising her agency as a woman to do so."

It was when Dougan began to, um, push back that her story transcends celebrity life and she goes from starlet to comet. The mother of two 'exercised her agency' with a who's who of Hollywood: everyone from Orson Welles, George Getty II and Mickey Rooney to Barry Goldwater Jr., Henry Fonda, Huntington Hartford and Warren Beatty rang her doorbell.

The Voice also had a thing for The Back. On a date with Frank Sinatra, Dougan remarked that she'd like to make a dress from the restaurant's tablecloths. After a goodnight kiss from Ol' Blue Eyes, he handed her a brown paper bag full of the red-checked fabric. He had bought every single one in the place for her. But this was in an era in which playing hard to get could sometimes be elevated to an art form by those who knew their own currency — and Dougan was unafraid to issue a hard no.

Marlon Brando once gave her a late-night booty call, and she declined on the grounds that she had to get up early the next morning. Elia Kazan — then one of Hollywood's most powerful men, and one who hadn't been near a refusal in decades — offered her a ride home after the 1957 Golden Globes. She was not interested.

Cary Grant, possibly the suavest man to ever stand before a camera, also requested her number. Again it was a no, but this time on the grounds that she had heard from a friend that the actor did most of his daily activities — eating, watching T.V. — in bed.

Having trodden the threadbare catwalk from model to movies, she knew all about the motives of silver-tongued men. One of these was Jerry Lewis, who invited her to his office to read for a part. A script never materialised but a champagne bucket did. She left.

Things got more physical with Burt Lancaster when trying out for a role in *Elmer Gantry*. According to Dougan, when she rebuffed his advances Lancaster kicked her in the back and pushed her into an elevator. "Maybe if I had been a more dyed-in-the-wool actress I might have said, 'To heck with it' and taken the part. But I didn't think like that," she said recently. The role went to Shirley Jones, who won the Oscar for best supporting actress.

Principles come at a cost in Hollywood, and Dougan's work dried up. Faced with children to feed and a string of unsuccessful relationships, she sucked it up by taking on temp work for Kelly Girl and Manpower, and selling Mary Kay Cosmetics. Just for a minute, imagine organising holiday cover for Vera in the typing pool and having The Back take her place.

By the early seventies she was out of Hollywood and back to Edith Tooker. It seems, in retrospect, a better fit. "It is not symbolic of who I am, it wasn't really me," she has said. "I was playing a part. I didn't even think there was anything sexy about showing a back. It just didn't occur to me."

Tooker has a blockbuster of a story to tell, and we hope she doesn't wait too long. Because if there's one thing that can be said about The Back is that she had a whole lot of front.

atelier

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Investments can be unpredictable, but not so with these four winners, which we have handpicked to provide you with sound and secure appreciation — aesthetically, spiritually and financially.

by ***nick scott and rikesh chauhan***

The Ralph Lauren Black Stirrup collection

It's reasonable to speculate that the invention of the stirrup, and its journey to Middle Ages Europe from Jin Dynasty China — allowing horse riders at either end of the Silk Route far greater control of the animal, especially while wielding weapons — affected the course of history as profoundly as did the knitting needle.

Ralph Lauren's emotional link to all things equestrian, meanwhile, goes back further than the brand's introduction of the polo player logo in 1971 — a few years before, in fact, shortly after Ricky Loew-Beer became Ricky Lauren in late 1964. "After we were married, Ricky and I were shopping in one of those authentic riding stores, and I bought her a boy's tweed hacking jacket," Lauren has explained. "Whenever she'd wear it, other women would say, 'Oh, I love that jacket'. That's when I decided to do women's clothes. I started with tweed hacking jackets, then shirts and riding pants. I've always thought they had real style."

Since then, the textures of the American west and the tweeds and hunting silhouettes of the English countryside have furnished the brand's stylistic vernacular with a distinctive equine flavour, which has found particularly potent expression in women's jodhpurs, the Ricky bag (based on a vintage saddle carrier), and a timepiece collection shaped like a stirrup — the latest iteration of which, featuring new black finishes, you see before you.

Coming in large, medium, small and petit sizes (36mm, 32mm, 27mm and 23mm respectively), the water-resistant pieces — the latest materialisation of Lauren's aim to ensure that "character and an enduring sense of style and luxury" call the shots with the brand's horological output — have a matte-black finish juxtaposed with a black lacquered dial, and are boundaried by elegant Roman numerals. Atop the stainless steel case rests a gently curved sapphire crystal, while the hand-finished vertical Côtes de Genève stripes and perlage on the self-winding, Swiss-made quartz movement ensure that the aesthetic refinement reigns behind the scenes, too.

There are some nifty bracelet innovations at play here: the two smaller sizes feature a bracelet strap whose interlocking chainlinks adapt to the wearer's wrist, while a new interchangeable strap option — in black calf leather with tonal black stitching — features a small tab and stud that attach the top of the case to the strap, calling to mind the way a rider's saddle is secured.

It's a piece that ticks all the boxes ("timeless elegance, quality and craftsmanship") that Lauren has outlined as being the "common denominator of all my designs", and is a fitting tribute to, as well as an investment in, human innovation. *NS*

www.ralphlauren.com

Connolly X 007 James Bond capsule collection cocktail case

All good things, as a rather Pecksniffian adage has it, come to those who wait — and 007 fanatics have, for reasons that don't need spelling out, waited 18 months longer than they were meant to for the latest instalment in the franchise to hit cinema screens. Which means that connoisseurs of the finer things in life have also had to wait for the (welcome) torrent of Bond-themed endeavours from luxury brands.

When it comes to *No Time to Die,* we've had Leica's wonderfully minimalist 007 Edition camera; we've had Barton Perreira's 007 sunglasses collaboration with EON Productions; we've had Aston Martin installing a giant replica of the original 1965 Corgi DB5 model toy box at Battersea Power Station in London. And, of course, we've had the requisite timepiece: the Omega Seamaster Diver 300M 007 Edition, as featured in the movie itself (alongside, reportedly, Bollinger champagne, Adidas footwear and HMD Global's Nokia phones).

One of our favourite products in the latest maelstrom of Bond-related merchandise, though, is Connolly's James Bond cocktail set, part of a capsule collection that also includes the Giubbino jacket and Finamore shirt worn by Daniel Craig in his final Bond outing, and created using the same Vaumol leather (the brand's in-house treatment method, which results in a remarkable patina, aroma and natural grain) that has graced the interiors of James Bond's Aston Martin DB5s since *Goldfinger* in 1964.

Designed by Sebastian Conran — a man who, having been given his first workbench by his famous father at the age of six, knows a little bit about design — the set has been hand-built in Spain and includes two martini glasses, two screw-top tins (for the requisite olives and sliced lemon), a cocktail shaker, two metal flasks (for your vermouth), and two metal cocktail sticks. Stirrer — for obvious reasons — not included.

We recommend employing it in fellowship with five-times-distilled Au vodka and Great British Vermouth Dry Wermod, and, bearing in mind Bond's own words in *Casino Royale*, "large, very strong, very cold and very well made". *NS*

www.connollyengland.com

Wolf British Racing Green Churchill safe

"It is logical to protect one's possessions by storing and safeguarding them in a fine quality case," said Philip Wolf I, a silversmith and founder of Wolf. After realising that pieces of silver sold more when showcased in well-crafted boxes, he refocused the creations not only to present but to store and protect. Wolf founded the eponymous company in 1834. Now, five generations later, his statement resonates as much today as it did then.

Like all good things, a collection that you have spent time (and often money) curating requires proper care and maintenance to withstand the test of natural wear and tear. The same can be said for personal sentiments and family heirlooms. It is a wise person, therefore, that invests in the appropriate security to ensure said items not only remain intact but can continue to be passed down to future generations. Wolf's British Racing Green Churchill safe will provide you with the necessary peace of mind when you're away from home.

The colour pays tribute to the illegal races that took place in Ireland during the early 1900s, and specifically the U.K.'s cars, which sported the distinctive racing green — now synonymous with British motor racing. Additional homages are dotted throughout the design of this stunning safe, including pebble grain leather and its interior ultra-suede details. They are a nod to iconic cars and their heroic drivers.

While aesthetically pleasing, the true beauty lies in the technical detail and technological advancements. Keypad protected, with a quad-angled panel exterior, the safe consists of two watch drawers, two open drawers and two jewellery drawers, plus a service tray in addition to 16 winding modules — all of which can be operated via Wolf's Bluetooth app. Through the app, one is able to control the modules independently or simultaneously, as well as having the ability to name and personalise the safe and each winder, and assign the LED-light according to your schedule. The British Racing Green Churchill safe has a choice of 1 to 1,999 rotation options per day and exceeds certified security standards for good measure.

It was the late, great Sir Stirling Moss who said, "motion is tranquillity". And it is with this sentiment in mind that Wolf have created a safe inspired by the energy of motor racing, all the while ensuring that your personal tranquillity remains steadfast. The combination of quality craftsmanship, meticulous design and sophisticated technology makes this an astute choice for keeping your possessions safe and sound. *RC*

www.wolf1834.com

New & Lingwood Gold Leaves lined dressing gown

Chivalry, courtesy, honourability, nobility, modesty — a melange of abstract nouns always enter the fray in the course of any saloon-bar chinwag about what constitutes a 'gentleman', along with the "heart and nerve and sinew" of Kipling's famous verse and the assertion (usually attributed to Tom Waits) that "a gentleman is a man who can play the accordion but doesn't".

Whatever your own conclusions about what defines the *gentilz hom* subspecies of hominid, now that talk of echelons between esquires and yeomen is a few hundred years out of date, one hallmark of a true modern gent is a tendency to execute sartorial diligence even in his place of domicile, with only his nearest and dearest around to behold the apparel in question. By definition, loungewear — notably the dressing gown (or nightgown, robe, greatcoat, bathrobe, housecoat, caftan, lounging robe, *robe de chambre*, whatever you want to call it) — represents a golden chance to indulge this gentlemanly predilection with gusto.

When it comes to luxury loungewear, London's fulcrum, for our money, sits at the Jermyn Street end of Piccadilly Arcade: home, along with the emporium on the left-hand side, of one of the thoroughfare's most storied outfitters, New & Lingwood. A hotbed of dandyism since they were founded in 1865, primarily to bedizen the scholars of Eton College (they have had a space in the capital only since 1922, and were a centre of gravity for the snappier dressers of Jazz Age London), New & Lingwood have turned measured, quirky flamboyance into an art form. And their resplendent dressing gowns, which come in a vast range of refined fabrics and opulent printed and embroidered patterns, are their magnum opus.

Made by hand in England using time-honoured techniques, the gowns are made either from richly patterned silk or plush velvet, and are printed or embroidered with striking patterns inspired by nature. This particular new addition to the canon, one of the finest to date, is a lined silk gown, its feathery gold leaves framed by quilted black silk lapels, fastened by a hand-tasselled belt and trimmed with bronze twist cord.

New & Lingwood's vision, when it comes to night attire, is that, for all the inherent extravagance (check out some of their pyjama offerings, too), the garments become quotidian pleasures, alchemising quiet nights in as occasions to dress for: the kind of nocturnal attire that makes an impromptu pouring of a splash of your favourite single malt not so much a guilty pleasure as a categorical imperative. And, in becoming inextricably linked to your time at home, it'll quickly become one of the most sentimentally charged items you own. *NS*

www.newandlingwood.com

THE FABRIC OF MODERN SOCIETY

Loro Piana's new range of jersey textiles is a high-tech improvement on a form of knitting — though fear not, not the variety associated with rocking chairs, unwanted Christmas gifts, and amicable Olympic divers.

by ***nick scott***

The rudimentaries of many ancient human innovations — from animal husbandry to timekeeping via beaded jewellery and blacksmithing — have been fixed ever since they were conceived. Like certain tangible inventions (the paperclip, the mousetrap and the bicycle, to name three), in terms of the principles by which they function, they have always pretty much left the patent office alone to deal with the fuzzier brushstrokes of human ingenuity. Other progressive pursuits — automotive engineering, navigational equipment, medicine and the distribution of text all spring to mind — improve, fundamentally, at a dizzying rate, and seem destined always to do so. The creation of textiles is most firmly in the latter camp.

Weaving began with Neolithic Homo sapiens stretching, twisting and lacing together plant fibres, and has since undergone constant augmentation, with more and more elaborate methods of vertical threads (warp) with horizontal threads (weft) coming into being; the earliest examples of the requisite machinery is from 4400BC Egypt, while horizontal, foot-operated looms appear around the 11th century, a few hundred years before the Industrial Revolution and its flying shuttles, spinning jennys, power looms, spinning mules and cotton gins. The innovators from that era would never have anticipated the vocabulary doing the rounds in the boardrooms of mills in Bradford and Biella ('air texturising', 'Cloud-based pattern data', 'thread fluctuation control') today.

Similarly, knitting, which probably originated in Egypt between 500AD and 1200AD, leapt forward in increments (a notable one being William Lee's invention of the stocking frame knitting machine in 1589) on its way to a modern-day scenario whereby the simple concept of intermeshing loops of yarns underpins high-tech performance fabrics that are used not only to bolster the athleisure and casual-formal canons but also those in aerospace, healthcare and the military.

You would think that textile innovation would reach a saturation point, that there would be no more free space to advance into. Try telling that, though, to a certain producer of high-end cashmere and wool products founded in the Italian textiles hotspot of Trivero in 1924. The latest range of fabrics from Loro Piana — a brand whose research and development visionaries are to textile innovation what Bentley and Aston Martin's powertrain engineers are to automotive innovation — is a high-tech improvement on a form of knitting (and not the variety associated with rocking chairs, amorphous Christmas gifts and amicable Olympic divers, but that named after the island, Jersey, on which it was first practised in the medieval period).

Jersey has — it is a textile, after all — come a long way from the heavyweight wool garments once made for nautical types whose modern, tight-fitting, crew-neck ancestors are today still known as 'jerseys'. And Loro Piana's new range of jersey fabrics takes the material into even more exciting realms, in the process redefining sartorial borders, reinventing formalwear and facilitating more fluid interpretations of conventional gender boundaries and use categories (and as regular readers know, our status as "the modern voice of classic elegance" does not preclude us from championing the blurring of the lines between active and formal, urban and rural-wear or traditionally masculine and feminine forms).

Jersey has come a long way from the heavyweight wool garments once made for nautical types.

'Single jersey' (also known as 'smooth knit'), the most common knit fabric, is made with a single series of needles on single-bed machines and has two distinguishable faces: one whose V-shaped stitches create a smooth surface; another whose stitch arches are piled. 'Interlock knit', meanwhile, which is produced by two series of needles using double-bed machines, is less elastic and more compact than other types of knit, and has a ribbed knit-like appearance.

'Pique', created using single-bed machines with two rows arching upwards and downwards, has the distinctive texture we've come to associate with sporty polos, while 'Milano stitch' — comprised of alternating lines of tubular and plain stitching — is stronger and weightier, and suitable for jackets and suits. 'Pile fabric' has a second yarn knitted onto a smooth base, leaving small raised rings that, once they've been teaselled, call to mind the appearance of velour and offer abundant thermal insulation; 'double structure' sees two single jerseys invisibly bound together (ideal for overcoats and jackets).

Capolavoro double jersey.

Sunset Jacquard:
92 per cent cashmere,
eight per cent silk.

Finally, the collection includes a fabric whose existence can be attributed to arguably the most important invention in woven textile history: that patented by the French weaver and merchant Joseph-Marie Jacquard in 1804, which simplified the manufacturing of intricate design patterns such as brocade, damask and matelassé, and whose heirs are still generating reams of cloth in beguilingly intricate colour configurations to this day.

What all these new jersey fabrics have in common — besides being created by the looping of a single strand of yarn using the best raw materials in the world — is greater elasticity in all directions, making Loro Piana's sweater jackets, outerwear, dresses, skirts, jackets, overcoats and trousers not only more comfortable but superior in terms of drape and silhouette, not to mention wearability and dimensional stability. They offer enveloping comfort, two-way stretch and impressive adaptation to the wearer's movements.

They're also available in a vast range of solid shades and patterns, in a wide range of weights, and having been subjected to as many different finishes applied to them (including Storm System, a recent, environmentally friendly upgrade to the game-changing treatment Loro Piana have applied to their natural fabrics since 1994, which improves their performance against the elements).

It's now a century since Coco Chanel sent jersey's sartorial cache skywards, also sending seismic shocks through women's fashion, by introducing the fabric to her collections. We're convinced she'd approve heartily of the sartorial trailblazers at Loro Piana and their significant upgrade of jersey fabric and all its admirable faculties.

Sunset single jersey
Jacquard.

Cashmere Award
Double.

Capolavoro
Milano Stitch.

CAMERA / LEICA Q

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LEICA-CAMERA.COM

WITNESS / EOLO PERFIDO

KUALA LUMPUR

GREG WILLIAMS

articles

DEL BOY; CONCRETE-JUNGLE FEVER;
TRAILBLAZER; ARCHIPLAYGROUND.

THE LEGEND OF DEL TORO

Enigmatic, cryptic, achingly cool and understated in his craft: Benicio Del Toro is the ultimate anti-thesp. His latest movie — Wes Anderson's The French Dispatch — shows how, among other things, 'a journalist can make me look like a bear or a rat'. No pressure, then, on **NICK SCOTT**...

photography ***greg williams***
fashion direction ***jeanne yang***
special thanks to ***The Maybourne Beverly Hills***

Previous spread:
Eveningwear, shirt, bow-tie and pocket-square, all **Giorgio Armani**; ring, *Benicio's own*.

This page:
Double-breasted overcoat, **Brioni**; grey cardigan, **Brunello Cucinelli**; trousers, **Giorgio Armani**; black fedora with grey ribbon, **Borsalino**.

It's a typically radiant morning in Los Angeles, but Benicio Del Toro is feeling a touch of the blues. Bereavement, to be exact. The deceased, who died a few days before our conversation today, is a man he didn't know personally. In fact, he saw him in the flesh only a handful of times, but on the first occasion — as a 14-year-old, in 1981, at the Carrier Dome in Syracuse, New York — the young Del Toro was struck by a mojo that surfed the crowd and left him with a feeling he'd carry for the rest of his life.

"Oh, man, Charlie Watts! He was the roll of the Rolling Stones," Del Toro says. "I think Charlie Watts is the first musician, maybe, that I listened to where I was actually feeling the story of the music in some ways. I just remember trying to follow his drumming and always getting lost and trying to figure it out all over again. I've been listening to his drumming since my childhood. But, hey, we got a lot of work that he left behind that is going to outlive all of us, and that's nice to have. For me, it's like the Stones and the Beatles, the Who, Zeppelin, even Elton John — these are musicians I've listened to when I was up, when I was down… They've made me feel braver in life, if there's such a thing. There's this, 'You're not alone' element to that music. Yeah, some connection. Whatever it is… You can call it spiritual."

"There was a little bit of the goofball, the entertainer and ham in me, and it all joined up that way in high school before I ever thought I would be an actor in movies."

The British invasion of the mid 1960s, when numerous musical acts from the U.K. hit the big time across the Pond, has not just furnished Del Toro with a regular dose of existential belonging (not to mention the largest vintage vinyl collection in Hollywood), it may have provided him with a career roadmap. Del Toro grew up in Puerto Rico, closer to Buenos Aires than the Hollywood Hills, and moved to Pennsylvania aged 16, seven years after the death of his mother.

"They [the rock groups] were from England, yet they were doing the blues," he says. "The Stones were singing about places they'd never been and making you believe that they knew what they're talking about, bringing in this sound from a place they'd never been. They just came out from outside and they evolved and they kept growing. I think that's super-interesting — how you can take something somewhere and create your own thing — because I came from outside of Hollywood. I didn't grow up with the movies. I didn't grow up with theatre or anything like that. It always felt like I got lucky and studied with one of the greatest teachers of acting and theatre around. I had no background in it when I decided to be an actor."

Del Toro's early career narrative is an unlikely one. He was a handy enough basketball player in his youth to weigh up turning pro, and as a child his only experience with performance arts were playground renditions of Mick Jagger singing *Start Me Up* on an episode of *Saturday Night Live* ("There was a little bit of the goofball, the entertainer and ham in me, and it all joined up that way in high school before I ever thought I would be an actor in movies," he says).

Then, some way into a business degree at the University of California, an elective drama course coaxed his talent to the surface, prompting him to drop out and secure a scholarship with Stella Adler, the master of Method, whose alumni include Harvey Keitel, Marlon Brando and Robert De Niro. "Someone was watching out for me," Del Toro says. "Because I happened to land on all the right places to get a foundation in acting, movies, theatre."

A teacher in another acting institution, the Circle in the Square Theatre School in New York City, told him: "If you're going to do this, you have to work twice as hard as John Smith." There was no mistaking her drift, for the teacher in question was Latino. It's no surprise she singled him out for this comment: for all the resemblance to Brad Pitt from certain angles, Del Toro — who had a Catalan paternal great-grandfather and a Basque maternal great-grandmother — looks Latino, particularly around those hazel eyes. (Those eyes, incidentally, being the ballast of many a scene, able as Del Toro is to switch from despair to sympathy via asperity, relief and fear with a few deft flicks of chemical impulse towards optical nerve.)

Minor gigs in the late eighties — television parts playing degenerates and drug dealers on stuff like *Miami Vice*; a blink-and-you'll-miss-it turn in the video for *La Isla Bonita*, grinning impishly while sat atop a car roof behind a pirouetting Madonna — seemed to endorse his teacher's prediction. And while his debut movie role dodged ethnic stereotyping entirely (he played a dog-faced boy in 1988's *Big Top Pee-Wee*), the next one, the following year, saw him play a henchman to a drug lord called Franz Sanchez in *Licence to Kill*, the last of the Bond films to star Timothy Dalton.

Since then — and with the subject of narcotics proving a well-worn narrative whenever Hollywood has focused its attention south of the border — Del Toro has come at the world of cartels, kingpins in compounds and impassive hit men from every angle.

He's played the cop (in *Traffic*, his career's post-*Usual Suspects* booster jab, in 2000). He's played the revenge killer (in *Sicario*, in 2015, and its sequel, *Sicario 2: Soldado*, in 2018). He's even played the biggest drugs kingpin of all time, Pablo Escobar, in 2014's *Escobar: Paradise Lost*. As Del Toro himself once put it, "I've played a junkie, a casual user, the supplier, the one who has gone after a drug dealer; I've played them all."

No wonder Del Toro has been asked if he considers himself typecast more times than he's been asked what kind of pillows

This spread:
Eveningwear, shirt, bow-tie, pocket-square and shoes, all **Giorgio Armani**; ring, *Benicio's own*.

Eveningwear, shirt, bow-tie and pocket-square, all **Giorgio Armani**; ring, *Benicio's own*.

he'd prefer in his trailer. Surely that's all changed now, though, with 45-plus movies on the résumé and counting? "No and yes, and yes and no," he says. "It depends what you've been reading. I get asked, 'Hey, are you embarrassed that you're doing so many Latin characters?', and reply, 'What the hell do you want me to do — that's probably one of the best characters I can play because I am Latin American. I understand the culture.' Why say no? The key is to try to make these characters three-dimensional so that they're not stereotypes, and that's what you try to do.

"I also have the chance to play other characters that are not necessarily Latin, so I've gone in and out. It's like doing big studio movies or doing independent movies — you get what you can, you try to break the stereotypes, you try to be original and you try to be your best. I would never be selecting a story based on ethnicity. If I get a great character who happens to be Latino versus a not so good character that is not Latino — or maybe is Latino, but not the guy in the cowboy boots in the desert with a gun — and this character is a nice guy but the story is not as good, or I don't understand it as well as I understand the other, maybe now I'll make more of a decision based on that.

"For me, it's always based on the team, the people that are going to be involved, and the story. By people, I mean the director, the other actors, sometimes even the director of photography could have a big pull. When I was going to do *Sicario*, the fact that Roger Deakins was the director of photography, that was like, 'Oh, wow'. There's different elements that allow you to go for it — whether you're going to be working with Josh Brolin or Emily Blunt, that's also a great opportunity."

'That's the bad guy'

Perhaps the most striking example of the "great character who happens to be Latino" that Del Toro has portrayed is a certain Argentine Marxist revolutionary. "My interest in Che Guevara started with the fact that I grew up in Puerto Rico, which has a Latin culture even though it's part of the United States — it still holds on to its Caribbean culture, food, religion, way of life," says Del Toro, who played Guevara in an epic, two-part biopic, directed by Steven Soderbergh, in 2008. "I didn't know anything about Che Guevara growing up. No one talked about him. When I found out about him, it was kind of like, Oh, that's the bad guy. That's the bad guy.

"Then I was in Mexico City doing the Bond movie, and I went to the bookstore and there was a picture of him. They were promoting a book of letters that his father had put out. In the picture he was smiling... And it was such a captivating smile, so warm. It was like, Wait a second. It's like, suddenly, there's something here that doesn't match with the idea I had of the same guy. It turned out that those letters were written before he became political. They were insights into him as a young man, and they were very, very funny. They were very smart — wow, this guy could write. He was a terrific writer. Like, maybe the Beat Generation, a little bit of Jack Kerouac or William Burroughs without the drugs, with more social commentary, more about Latin America.

"There was something about the writing that made me want to look into him. Then we did the movie based on research and those two books of his, one he wrote after the Cuban revolution and the Bolivian diary he was writing when he was captured and killed. That's how the interest came about. It was like, Wait!"

Versatility in spades

Of course, you don't get to join the pantheon of contemporary Hollywood greats by carving too deep a furrow, and Benicio del Toro has shown versatility in spades. In 1998's Hunter S. Thompson adaptation *Fear and Loathing* (O.K., drugs again — point taken), he shone as the crazed, tripping lawyer Dr. Gonzo (a role for which he gained three stone in nine weeks via a strict doughnut diet). In 2003's *21 Grams*, he nailed troubled redemption as an ex-convict turned born-again Christian; in 2007's *The Things We Lost in the Fire*, playing a successful lawyer turned struggling heroin addict, he repeated the trick of making a character's past peep through the cracks of his present, doing so with parsimonious subtlety throughout. Consistent in his less-is-more approach to movement, he makes the camera his collaborator rather than his documenter. In a sense, Del Toro is the ultimate anti-thesp.

Consistent in his less-is-more approach to movement, he makes the camera his collaborator rather than his documenter.

In 2005's *Sin City*, he pulled off yet another cop sub-genre: this time, the trigger-happy violent partner. He's portrayed hoarders of interstellar fauna and relics (Marvel's *Guardians of the Galaxy*, 2014); hard-gambling gangsters (*Snatch*, 2000); and Native Americans, twice: one medically retarded and wrongfully accused of murder (Sean Penn's 2001 drama *The Pledge*, alongside Jack Nicholson), the other a sufferer of world war II trauma (*Jimmy P: Psychotherapy of a Plains Indian*, a 2013 French-made drama, the research for which included devouring what became one of his favourite all-time movies, 1961's *The Exiles*).

He's certainly absorbed his former teacher's advice and worked hard: a case in point was his preparation for 2000's Oscar hit *Traffic*, for which Del Toro painstakingly built Mexican inflections and vocabulary into his native Spanish tongue, and won both the Academy Award and the Bafta for best supporting actor. His latest outing, and his first since his smouldering gangster role in

Soderbergh's Detroit-set period thriller *No Sudden Move*, is *The French Dispatch*, Wes Anderson's long-anticipated, twice-Covid-delayed ensemble piece about a France-based outpost of a fictional Kansas newspaper (partly inspired by Anderson's love of *The New Yorker*), in which Del Toro shares a bill with (to name a few) Bill Murray, Adrien Brody, Tilda Swinton, Frances McDormand, Timothée Chalamet, Jeffrey Wright, Owen Wilson, Christoph Waltz, Edward Norton, Jason Schwartzman, and Anjelica Huston (the word 'ensemble' takes on some potency when you also have cameos from Liev Schreiber and Willem Dafoe).

The French Dispatch is weapons-grade Anderson, from the ascorbic wit (the French city is called Ennui-Sur-Blasé) to the symmetrical compositions, split screens and freeze frames. Monochrome and colour switches, abrupt changes of aspect ratio, and comic-strip segments are all in the mix in a feast of visual splendour praised by one Cannes reviewer for its "arcane detail, meticulous camera moves, ornate décor, historical and design minutiae, styles of typography, precision diction, arch attitude, obsessive attention to cultural artefacts, and loyalty to Oscar Wilde's notion that art needn't express anything other than itself".

The French Dispatch is weapons-grade Anderson, from the ascorbic wit to the symmetrical compositions.

The movie is made up of a triptych of vignettes, bookended by a prologue and epilogue and sewn together by a beret-wearing reporter played by Owen Wilson. The first, and strongest, vignette has Del Toro as its focal point. He plays Moses Rosenthaler, a homicidal prison inmate who paints abstract portraits of a female warden, played by Léa Seydoux, with whom he is in love. Adrien Brody is Julien Cadazio, an art dealer, based on Lord Joseph Duveen, whose eye has been caught by the powerful nuances of Rosenthaler's work.

Del Toro, sporting a brittle crop of hair and an unkempt, flowing beard, portrays the psychosis that lurks in between with potent sagacity. What audiences remember most vividly is the growl. Not just a low, baritone snarl: a rumbling, visceral roar that, in the era of cinemas fitted with 400 Dolby Atmos speakers, makes the cup holders rattle in their arm-rest cradles. It's tempting to think that, like the hybrid accent he affected as Fred Fenster in *The Usual Suspects* ("I felt like maybe he's half-German, you know, half-Chinese, and grew up in Harlem," Del Toro has said in the past), the growl was an on-set flash of inspiration: the kind of thing a genius artist who decapitates bartenders with meat saws would do. Perhaps, like his stutter in *Star Wars* as the 'underworld slicer' DJ, it was based on the quirk of some distant uncle?

"No, actually, that was Wes — it was on the script, and I asked him, I double-checked, 'What do you mean with this?' He says, 'It's a growl'. I go, like, 'What?' He did a growl, and I said, 'O.K., I get it'. Whether it works is up to the people who are watching, and especially the people who think about what they're watching. It's in that Wes Anderson world, and I think the Wes Anderson world is very particular on its day. It can be very quirky and very strange and friendly and sexy. He can do a lot of different things in that world. Maybe on another film set I would have been like, 'Hey, maybe this is silly', but here, in this Wes Anderson world, it goes with the symphony, the Wes Anderson orchestra or composition. In the Wes Anderson world, it can really make the difference. I think most actors like to try different things. I'm very happy of being part of that world."

For Del Toro, the power behind Anderson's storytelling — for all the poetic, slightly out-of-body, realist-surrealist hybrid touches — is its verisimilitude. "Wes Anderson runs a tight ship," Del Toro says. "He has a very clear idea of what he wants. It's a different style of bringing truth to a project, and I found it really interesting working like that. It was very much like going back to theatre… Wes isn't too interested in the logic of things, he's interested in the truth of the character. You get into the moment there and you really can feel for this character, so it's not a total cartoon. It's not superficial. For me, Wes Anderson movies go to another level because there's so much substance behind the quirky stuff."

Truthful notes

For Del Toro, this movie is as much about truthful journalism as truthful characters. Talking to me via our crackly line, across a continent and an ocean, he seems unsure as to how I'll portray him. "*The French Dispatch* is about how a journalist can write a story about me and make me look like a bear or make me look like a rat — it goes either way," he says. "If you're writing an article about me, I live through you, in a way. You take whatever you get from me talking, what you've seen, what you've heard, read, that all goes together, and then you put something together and you might hit some notes that are truthful and other notes that make me say, 'Well, I'm not really a Libra, I'm really a Pisces'.

"Now, anyone can be a journalist, like anyone can be a photographer. Pretty soon everyone can be a director, who knows? Everyone is already an actor anyway. That's been going on for a long time." Here, and not for the first time in our exchange, Del Toro works himself into a fit of hysterical laughter. "There are some 'actors' that are real, real good, they do it in real life and they fool people, and they're just like, 'Oh, my God', and get people to follow them and… Wow. Yes, there's some really good ones out there in the real world. I just have to be a different — in my job I can't play the same one, the same character."

Eveningwear, shirt, bow-tie, pocket-square and shoes, all **Giorgio Armani**; ring, *Benicio's own*.

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Eveningwear, shirt, bow-tie, pocket-square and shoes, all **Giorgio Armani**; ring, *Benicio’s own.*

Three-piece suit, shirt and tie,
all **Dolce & Gabbana**.

So who is the real Del Toro, here in 2021? The Del Toro who never married but has a daughter with Kimberley Stewart (Rod's daughter); who collects vinyl by the bucketload and enjoys solitary movie marathons in darkened rooms; who has an incongruous love of oil paintings? Well, for all his poise on screen, he seems to be beset by a certain fear and loathing — pun intended — about how a movie will go down. "With *Fear and Loathing*, we worked really hard, everybody threw themselves out there with abandonment, and that movie didn't go well with the public. That, you can't control. All you can control is just give it your all and try to stay focused till the end of the shooting."

Once a movie has wrapped, though, the worry sets in again, he says. "You get a little bit, like, 'Well… I don't know if this is going to work'. I'm about to go to do a new movie now" — *Reptile*, we're guessing, a crime thriller co-starring Justin Timberlake — "in about two weeks, and you just have to do your homework and throw yourself into this black hole where you try to do the best you can and then suddenly you're done.

"You can doubt, but you better turn the page, because let's say I do a scene today and I start doubting that scene, and I start moping all night long about what I did or didn't do in that scene and not look ahead: I'm in trouble. I've taught myself to have a really short-term memory doing a movie, and if it didn't work, don't look back — keep looking forward, because you have to.

"I've taught myself to have a really short-term memory doing a movie. If it didn't work, don't look back."

"I'm always amazed when movies come together. I think that's one of the things that remains exciting about doing movies — it's amazing how the movie finds itself, in a way. Maybe it's the editing and the process of post-production, but something happens in that, some things kind of click in there. Then, when you see it, you might just squirm a little bit, the first time you see the screening of your movie, and then you kind of shake hands with it, and sometimes it's better than other times. With *The French Dispatch*, I didn't know if that was going to work, and later on, when I saw it, I'm like, Oh, wow, I'm glad I'm in this ride, this is cool. You forget that you're in the movie sometimes and kind of start watching yourself in the third person."

With his love of what, in Britain, is disparagingly called 'dad rock', his favourite movie stars (De Niro, Nicholson, Hoffman) hitting their stride in the same era, his undying affection for his old Ford LTD on the driveway, is he of his time? Should he have been born 10 years earlier? He laughs. "You know, I watched a movie last night with Treat Williams and Bob Balaban, who was in *The French Dispatch*, called *Prince of the City*. It was all to take place in 1981. As I watched the movie, I was thinking, Oh, this has got to be, like, 1972 or something like that? Then I realised it was set when I was growing up. Now is the time, though. It's nice to be able to look back — it's great that we have this thing called memory — but there's nothing like now. Now is when you're here. Now is all that's left."

The digital revolution, he says, is pretty much something that's happening to and with other people. "There's something to be said about the times when you had to walk to the phone," he says. "The phone was playing hard to get. It would ring and you didn't know who was on the line. You'd pick it up and you go [he laughs], Oh, I didn't want to talk to this person. Now I got to talk to this person. There's something about that time. I get social media. I love the idea — putting out things that you do, and letting people know what you're doing and showing the things that you like. I get that. It can be a great artistic exercise sometimes. It's not my values. I'm way behind. I don't condescend on it, I'm not against it or anything like that, I just get busy — I get distracted too quick. I forget to keep up with what I did yesterday. There's things I have to do and I know I got to do them, but I don't know, I just don't do them. But I think it's cool when someone shows pictures of what they're like, where they were, whatever, this view, this tree, this thing, this that, this animal. I think it's cool. Maybe one day I'll put a whole book of photographs out in one — wooof! — go. 'Here's my photobook, enjoy. No questions. I'm gone.'"

And with that — bar a quick, "Say hey to McCartney from me if you see him", a reference to my living close to the former Beatle's East Sussex mansion — our time is up. No time for a discussion about stubbing cigarettes out on his arm during the filming of *Fear and Loathing*, or his thoughts on his good friend Johnny Depp's tribulations, or even the (probably apocryphal) urban legend about a quickie in the lift of the Chateau Marmont, following an Oscars after-party in 2004, with Scarlett Johansson.

Uncertainty lingers about the elusive Mr. Del Toro, but you sense it wouldn't be much different even if you hung out with him for a decade. What is certain is that, in future roles as in past ones, he'll hog viewers' gazes with his understated body language and artfully unlaboured charisma. Or "with a minimum of motion", to borrow a phrase from a recent piece in *The New York Times*. That article was not, by the way, a feature about Benicio Monserrate Rafael del Toro Sánchez but an obituary for one Charles Robert Watts.

Del Toro picked the wrong Stone for that childhood impression — too showy, too flamboyant — but since fame came knocking, having one eye on the guy at the back of the stage has served him very well indeed.

Eveningwear, shirt, bow-tie,
pocket-square and shoes,
all **Giorgio Armani**;
ring, *Benicio's own.*

PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANTS: HISHAM ABAHUSAYN AND RICK CARTER
GROOMING: KIM VERBECK
FASHION ASSISTANT: CHLOE TAKAYANAGI

GETTY IMAGES

THE KIDS WERE ALL RIGHT

The American economy was growing at four — yes, four — per cent a year. A different kind of pandemic had cast its shadow. And history, we were told, was at an end. The 1990s had a raucous seize-the-day spirit, writes **STUART HUSBAND**, *and New York was their ringleader. Nostalgia has seldom felt so good…*

In the late autumn of 1994, a *New Yorker* magazine article caused a bit of a stir. An icon of eighties Manhattan — the author Jay McInerney — had profiled an icon-in-the-making of nineties Manhattan: Chloë Sevigny, "the It Girl with a street-smart style and a down-low attitude", as the magazine had it. The author of *Bright Lights, Big City* accompanied the 19-year-old model-actress-designer-whatever on her downtown peregrinations, hanging with the skater kids in Washington Square Park, showcasing a forties-style brown suit for Martin Margiela in the window of the Charivari boutique, presiding over the avant-garde clothing store/techno emporium Liquid Sky on Lafayette Street, and star-turning at the Tunnel nightclub in the company of her then boyfriend, the filmmaker Harmony Korine. "She's definitely the girl of the moment," Walter Cessna, of *Paper* magazine, told McInerney. "All the kids think she's the shit, all the store owners think she's the shit. What's interesting about Chloë is she spans both scenes, the whole grunge thing and the whole rave thing."

The whole grunge thing and the whole rave thing — right there, you had the two poles around which the nineties New York City social whirl spun. Like Connecticut native Sevigny, both were transplants — grunge from Washington state, personified by Nirvana; rave from the U.K., personified by legions of saucer-eyed kids festooned with glowsticks circling the M25 in search of nirvana — given an emphatic New York twist. For the apotheosis of the former, look no further than Larry Clark's 1995 film *Kids*, written by Korine and starring Sevigny alongside a young Rosario Dawson. "It centres on a cabal of broken New York teenagers who spend 24 hours boozing, rolling blunts, fighting and indulging in unsafe, emotionally vacant sex," wrote *The New York Times* of the film. "It is *Lord of the Flies* with skateboards, nitrous oxide and hip-hop." For the encapsulation of the latter, look no further than the rave parties known as N.A.S.A. (Nocturnal Audio Sensory Awakening), referenced in *Kids*, where, as Jill Di Donato wrote on *Culture Trip*, "D.I.Y. fashion replaced designer labels" and a bunch of misfits known collectively as the Club Kids, with names like Angel or Junkie Jonathan, set the pace in their glitter make-up, platform Mary Janes, slave collars, lip plugs and Elmo T-shirts, while, according to Di Donato, "experimenting with sex, drugs and breakbeat". "The rave scene is a reaction to the elitist, corporate nightclub scene of the eighties," Liquid Sky owner Mary Frey told McInerney. "They were doing that picking-and-choosing thing, that exclusionary thing. The raves are more democratic."

All of which makes nineties New York City sound like a playground, albeit one with no little edge, which, for many, it was. Nostalgia for that era is now rife, and not just among millennials, who weren't subject to the vicissitudes of actually having to live through it. The nineties midwifed many of the issues that still obsess us today — identity politics, gentrification, stark economic inequality — with New York serving as a crucible for all of them and more. "This was a time when after-hours parties went unpoliced, when Molly was called Ecstasy, when you couldn't scroll through experiences, and when kids raged all night," Di Donato wrote.

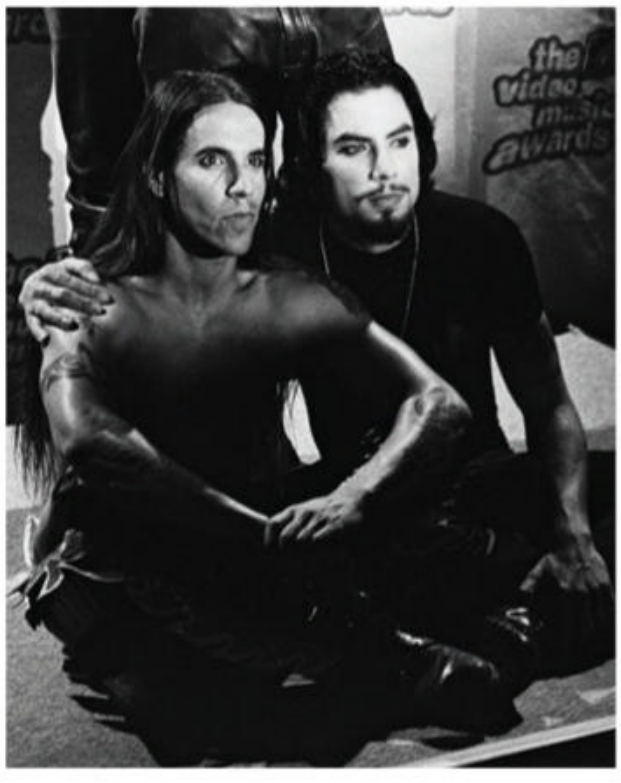
Every breed came together, from candy-eyed ravers to rappers and their entourages and Wall Street suits.

If there was a palpable sense of possibility in the air — fuelled by the presence of Bill Clinton, the first boomer president, who arrived in the White House in 1992, and an economy that grew by an average of four per cent a year between 1992 and 1999 — it was in the shadow of a pandemic that had decimated downtown's denizens. "By 1988 AIDS had taken half my Rolodex," Susanne Bartsch, the queen of New York nightlife, told Simon Doonan, who had turned the department store Barneys into a cultural touchstone thanks to his window displays featuring effigies of Karl Lagerfeld, Tina Brown, et al. This fuelled a *carpe diem*-style spirit that spread through music, fashion and art. "It felt like there was so much going on," says the photographer Catherine McGann, who documented the city's frenetic nightlife for *The Village Voice*. "There was this spirit of freedom, from one's self, from society's expectations, from the politics and anxieties beyond the club walls. Every breed of New Yorker came together, from candy-eyed ravers to rappers and their entourages and Wall Street suits. A whole generation had been lost, which just seemed to make the next generation determined to fight harder to make its mark."

The Club Kids fought themselves all the way on to Phil Donahue's daytime talk show in 1993, where they put the requisite frighteners on Middle America (a blustering Phil, to the gimp-suited 'Jenny Talia': "Are you drug-free?" JT:

Previous spread: The dance floor at Club USA in Times Square, New York.

Clockwise from top: Chloë Sevigny out in New York, 1996; the poster for the film *Kids*; Jay McInerney and Bret Easton Ellis at a party for the premiere of *Cry-Baby* in April 1990; Anthony Kiedis and Dave Navarro of the Red Hot Chili Peppers at the 1995 MTV Video Music Awards at Radio City Music Hall; and a group of ravers gather round a turntable at Macy's department store in 1992.



GETTY IMAGES, SHUTTERSTOCK

Clockwise from top left: A bubble bath at the club Limelight, 1995; Run DMC performing at Limelight; Kyle MacLachlan and Linda Evangelista at the Venus of Fashion American Awards Gala at the Tunnel Club; Michael Alig and James St. James pose for a photo at a party at the Limelight club in 1991; David Lee Roth of Van Halen and Grace Jones at the Tunnel Club; and Rip Taylor and drag queens at Limelight.

The rapper Notorious B.I.G., aka Biggie Smalls, aka Christopher Wallace, with Junior M.A.F.I.A. outside his mother's home in Brooklyn,1995.

GETTY IMAGES

"Yes, all my drugs are free"). But they had long been hired as go-go-ing outrage bait by Peter Gatien, whose club empire encompassed the Limelight (Goth, electronica and foam rooms in a deconsecrated Episcopal church), the Tunnel (techno and an S&M dungeon in an old Chelsea railway station), and Club USA, located in the heart of Times Square, in what was once Broadway's Central Theatre. "There were neon billboards and porno booths to give a flavour of the old Times Square," says McGann. "And there was a slide from the upper bar to the ground level that people would zoom down with their skirts round their ears and their wigs all wonky." The roll call of cultural figures snapped at Club USA included Joan Rivers, Kate Moss, Biggie and Tupac, and the inevitable Donald J. Trump.

If Biggie, aka the Notorious B.I.G., aka Christopher George Latore Wallace, held court like an emperor in Club USA's V.I.P. room, it was only his due. Hip-hop, "the last genuinely new and consequential invention of American pop culture", as the journalist and author Kurt Andersen wrote in *The New York Times*, was achieving its mass-market breakthrough and dominance in the mid nineties, with Biggie at its head. Yes, the Wu-Tang Clan were more hardcore, A Tribe Called Quest were more sonically adventurous, and Jay-Z was setting out on his ascent to rap immortality. But Biggie's debut album, 1994's *Ready to Die*, wrested the hip-hop mantle back to the source from the west coast's challengers and, not incidentally, set the gangsta template. "His unequivocal swagger and lyrical dexterity was complemented by the most commanding voice of any rapper," wrote Ben Brutocao in the *Duke University Chronicle*, and it was all the more compelling for telling tales of hardship, criminality and braggadocio in a breezy, take-it-or-leave-it manner. In mid-nineties New York, Biggie's track *Juicy* was inescapable:

You never thought that hip-hop would take it this far
Now I'm in the limelight, 'cos I rhyme tight
Time to get paid, blow up like the World Trade

(The reference was to the 1993 bombing of the World Trade Center, when a truck bomb was detonated by al-Qaeda operatives beneath the North Tower, killing six people; at the time, this was regarded as an audacious one-off rather than a preliminary skirmish.)

Biggie's bombastic boom-bap offered a clarion call of certainties (of getting famous, of getting rich, or, to coin a phrase, of dyin' tryin') in the midst of a decade in tremendous flux, from geopolitics (the dissolution of the eastern bloc at the end of the eighties increased the tally of 'free' countries from 65 to 85 by the end of the nineties) to technology (almost no one had heard of the web in 1990; by 1999, browsers, search engines, digital cellphone networks and laptops were all commonplace, while Steve Jobs was steering Apple towards world domination). But nowhere was this sense of instability felt more than in the New York art world. All of its presiding deities — Warhol, Basquiat, Haring, Mapplethorpe

— were recently deceased, and the brash art market of the previous decade was felled by a spectacular crash in 1991, with prices falling by half for many contemporary artists; they wouldn't recover their pre-bust heights until the mid 2000s. (Jeff Koons became the poster boy for this see-sawing. His fabricated tchotchkes, such as his porcelain sculpture of Michael Jackson and Bubbles, had caused a huge stir in the eighties. He then came perilously close to bankruptcy in the nineties before bouncing back with his shiny stainless steel Balloon Dogs in the late 2000s.)

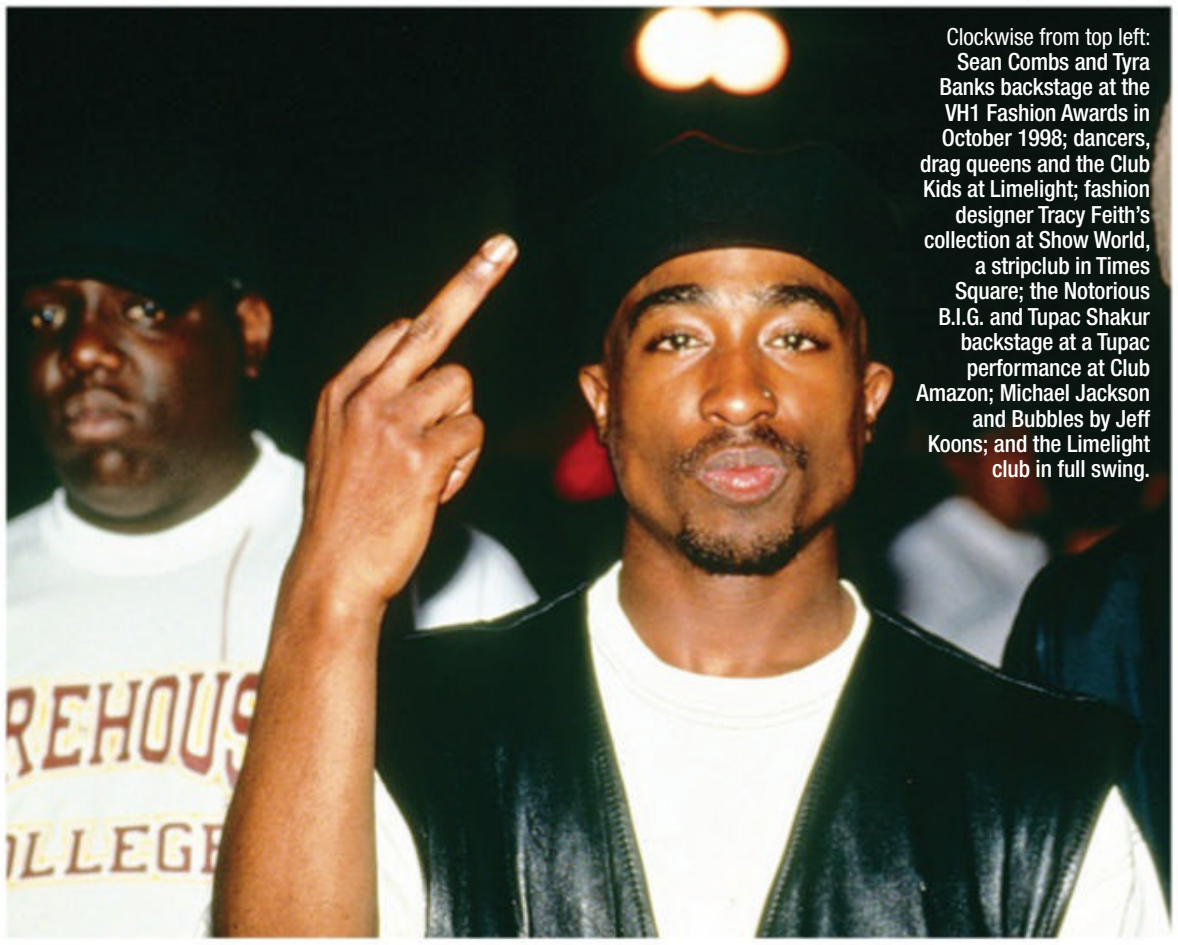
Given all that, the key words for the art world were retrenchment and rethinking. "Value in everything is being questioned," said the New York gallerist Mary Boone in the midst of the crash. "The psychology of the eighties was excess; in the nineties it's about conservation." Identity politics was at the forefront of the notorious 1993 Whitney biennial, which included the tape of the police beating of Rodney King in 1991, along with Nan Goldin's studies of drag queens and drug-addled bohemians, and an admissions button, designed by Daniel J. Martinez, reading, "I Can't Imagine Ever Wanting to Be White". Some aggressively demurred — Robert Hughes, in *Time*, called the show "a saturnalia of political correctness, a long-winded immersion course in marginality, the only cultural condition that matters in the nineties" — though its themes seem no less pertinent three decades on. Elsewhere, a new breed of figurative painters embraced the nascent celebrity culture (Elizabeth Peyton's fey, fan-fic-style portraits of Leonardo DiCaprio and Jarvis Cocker, Karen Kilimnik's rococo studies of Hugh Grant and — yes! — Chloë Sevigny), newly downloadable smut (John Currin's impossibly pneumatic women), and even both at once (Currin's 1991 'portrait' of Bea Arthur Naked).

As the decade wore on, the culture wars ramped up, exemplified by mayor Rudy Giuliani's threat to cut funding to the Brooklyn Museum if it refused to remove a number of works from its 1999 exhibition Sensation: Young British Artists from the Saatchi Collection. Giuliani took particular exception to the Holy Virgin Mary, an African Madonna mounted on elephant dung and collaged with porn screengrabs from the Turner Prize-winning Chris Ofili. Giuliani lost that particular tussle, but his mayoralty, beginning in 1994, was marked by his averred mission to "clean up" the city, which meant cracking down on crime, increased policing of the more *outré* precincts of nightlife, and clearing out the clubs, gaming parlours and peepshows so that the Virgin Megastores and Disney outlets could move in. "The city got far more corporate and less idiosyncratic as the decade progressed," says Catherine McGann. "Giuliani himself said that freedom didn't mean that people could do anything they wanted, or be anything they could be. There was this sense of creeping corporatisation."

The decade's earlier movers and shakers obliged Giuliani by flaming out or embracing the mainstream. Club USA closed in 1994, and Peter Gatien was deported to his home country, Canada, under charges of tax evasion. Leading Club Kid Michael Alig pleaded guilty to the murder of a fellow habitué of the scene, Andre Melendez, in 1996. Biggie Smalls was shot in a drive-by in Los Angeles in 1997, a prime casualty, along with Tupac Shakur, of the east coast-west coast rap wars. Meanwhile, Sevigny was Oscar-nominated for her role in 1999's *Boys Don't Cry*. And, all through SoHo and the Meatpacking District, the "outlaw parties", impromptu skating sites and sex clubs were being replaced by million-dollar loft conversions and fashion brands. "These neighbourhoods became the backdrop for the kind of yuppie lifestyle reflected in *Sex and the City*," the former *Village Voice* gossip columnist Michael Musto told *Vice*.

The 'outlaw parties', impromptu skating sites and sex clubs were replaced by million-dollar loft conversions.

From Sevigny's down-low boho-chic to Carrie Bradshaw's designer-consumerism in a few short years: the current rose-tinting of the nineties in general, and nineties New York City in particular, is all about a hankering for a kind of authenticity, where a lifestyle was something you created on the hoof (or on squeaky board wheels) rather than one that was created for you by brands, social networks or targeted messaging. "The nineties in New York lands as the last of the epic, raw, untouchable, unstoppable, fearless times for life," Alex Corporan, who was Sevigny's scenester equal — skateboarder, raver, manager at Supreme, cameo in *Kids* — told Highsnobiety. "You're unable to replicate the experience of what was happening there during this time. Skateboarding, music, nightlife, art, fashion, you name it. From 1990 to 1999 you grew up real fast, and experienced shit in light speed."



Clockwise from top left: Sean Combs and Tyra Banks backstage at the VH1 Fashion Awards in October 1998; dancers, drag queens and the Club Kids at Limelight; fashion designer Tracy Feith's collection at Show World, a stripclub in Times Square; the Notorious B.I.G. and Tupac Shakur backstage at a Tupac performance at Club Amazon; Michael Jackson and Bubbles by Jeff Koons; and the Limelight club in full swing.

GETTY IMAGES, SHUTTERSTOCK

RAKE
BESPOKE
FEATURE

THE BEAST IS BACK

For 2021 Audemars Piguet have introduced a 43mm execution of their Royal Oak Offshore watch — the first new case size for the trailblazing timepiece in nearly two decades.

by **ross povey** *photgraphy* **charlie gray** *fashion direction* **grace gilfeather**

Navy lambswool coat,
Private White V.C.

Navy Royal Oak Offshore,
Audemars Piguet.

As 'the Beast' knocks on the door of three decades as one of the most distinguished sports chronographs, Audemars Piguet have unveiled a new riff on their perennial favourite: the Offshore 43mm. With versions in titanium, 18-carat pink-gold, and stainless steel, these are relevant, modern watches with a classic and distinctive aesthetic. They are as street smart as they are sophisticated. Thought you had the Royal Oak Offshore worked out? Maybe it's time to think again.

The genesis of the Offshore begins with the Royal Oak in 1972. A lot has been written about Gérald Genta, but the story of his creating the Royal Oak is something that sticks in my mind more than any other detail about the renowned watch designer. In the early 1970s, AP, like many watch brands, were facing huge challenges due to the quartz crisis. Three men — Carlo de Marchi, Charles Bauty and Charles Dorot, AP's new distributor's agents — believed there was an opportunity for a high-end premium steel watch. Italian collectors are credited with inventing the art of watch collecting, and it seems that in fact there was demand.

The then General Manager of AP, Georges Golay, decided to commission Genta to dream up the finest stainless steel timepiece. The story goes that he commissioned Genta on the eve of Baselworld 1970. I like to imagine Genta working through the night, pen in one hand and espresso in the other, finishing the sketches as the sun rose, in time for Golay to unveil the design on the opening morning of the show.

Characterised by its signature eight-sided bezel, with eight white-gold screws and visible rubber gasket, the watch was unveiled at Basel in 1972 as reference 5402. The Stern-manufactured Petite Tapisserie dial became an equally important element of the watch. With its flowing lines, thanks to the integrated steel bracelet, the watch was marketed in 1972 at CHF3,750. This was a significant and bullish move by Audemars Piguet; one could have purchased a dozen steel dive watches by other labels for this sum. Many believed the watch could ruin the AP brand, yet in the end it proved the making of it.

At its launch, the watch was arguably too avant-garde for seasoned collectors, and it was too expensive for young watch enthusiasts. However, one tastemaker, known as the ultimate playboy and the wealthiest Italian industrialist of his generation, Gianni Agnelli, adopted the watch as his wristwear of choice, and the Royal Oak fire was lit. The watch became the saviour of the brand's fortunes and the future of AP was secured. Genta later said it was the watch design of which he was most proud.

There are essentially three elements in the Royal Oak, each of which carries through to the Offshore watches. The first is the octagonal bezel that is fixed with screws. Look closer and you can see that the screwheads are, in fact, hexagonal and sit within hexagonal 'holes' in the bezel. The screws bring the watch together to ensure it is hermetically sealed.

The second element is the dial. The Petite Tapisserie dials were individually crafted by hand using a traditional rose engine lathe — a lathe that can cut complex symmetrical patterns — to create the guilloché. This is very different and more complex than simple engine turning. Audemars Piguet have now developed an in-house solution using purpose-built, automated rose engine lathes that cut each dial based on a master pattern, not unlike the way key-cutting machines work.

Gianni Agnelli, the tastemaker and ultimate playboy, adopted the watch, and the Royal Oak fire was lit.

The final design element is the integrated bracelet. What is now a common sight in horology was something quite novel in the early seventies, and the Royal Oak is credited with being the forerunner. In fact, so complex was the original bracelet design that only one company was up to the task of creating the finished part: Gay Frères. Working in gold was fairly straightforward, as it was easy to shape, but steel was a different animal.

Twenty-one years after the launch of the Royal Oak came a sportier and more rugged watch: the Offshore. Where the original Royal Oak had created a new segment in luxury sports watches, the Offshore took it to a new level. Stephen Urquhart, the then Chief Executive of Audemars Piguet, asked the 22-year-old designer Emmanuel Gueit to come up with a watch that "young men would want to wear". Gueit's design was a bold reimagining of Genta's original. Genta was a colleague of the young designer's father, and respecting Genta's legacy was important (although it is said that Genta was unhappy with the final design).

Initially the watch was too much for the board at Audemars Piguet, and they were adamant they could not deliver such a timepiece. Thankfully, however, Gueit persuaded them one at a time, until there was a collective decision to go ahead and test the market. The watch saw the light of day in 1993 at Baselworld. Interestingly, history repeated itself: the response was lukewarm, with criticism of the watch's oversized case and different look. However, wealthy young Italians adopted the watch, spurred on by the skier Alberto Tomba, the country's favourite athlete, and the Offshore began its journey as the must-have luxury sports chronograph watch.

Wei Koh, the founder of *The Rake* and *Revolution*, says: "The Royal Oak had become the definitive sports-chic watch of the

Teal, cashmere and silk roll-neck sweater, **Brioni**; navy beaver felt fedora, **Lock & Co.**

Navy Royal Oak Offshore, **Audemars Piguet**.

This page:
Grey cashmere Milano overcoat, **Brioni**; mustard wool double-breasted knitted blazer, **Lardini**; white wool fine-knit jumper, **Caruso**.

Black and gold Royal Oak Offshore, **Audemars Piguet**.

Opposite page, top:
Grey cashmere Milano overcoat, **Brioni**.

Black and gold Royal Oak Offshore, **Audemars Piguet**.

Opposite page, bottom:
Navy lambswool coat and ecru cashmere ribbed crew-neck, **Private White V.C.**; navy cashmere roll-neck, **Johnstons of Elgin**; olive green cotton trouser, **Lardini**.

Navy Royal Oak Offshore, **Audemars Piguet**.

RAKE
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FEATURE

Brown leather jacket, **Canali**; black cotton trouser, **Cifonelli**; black leather boots, **Malone Souliers**.

Black and gold Royal Oak Offshore, **Audemars Piguet**.

This page, top:
Emerald cashmere long-sleeve polo, **Johnstons of Elgin**; brown leather bag, **Caracalla 1947**.

Black and silver Royal Oak Offshore, **Audemars Piguet**.

This page, bottom:
Brown, leather and shearling flying jacket, **Cromford Leather**; blue denim shirt, **Stile Latino**.

Khaki and silver Royal Oak Offshore, **Audemars Piguet**.

haut monde. This new watch looked like it wanted to batter down the doors of their gilded palaces and impregnate their daughters with a smirk on its face.

"It was, in essence, a Royal Oak that had been furiously hitting the weights room and practising Shaolin kung fu while reading Friedrich Nietzsche's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*. It had emerged from the chrysalis an earth-shattering, awe-inspiring Übermensch. A symbol of testicular bombast and primal power. It was the watch on Odin's and Thor's wrists while they toasted with the skulls of vanquished enemies in the halls of Valhalla. Its definitive characteristic beyond its totemic ursine heft was an all-encompassing, never before seen in the rarefied milieu of high Swiss watchmaking, unabashed bad-assitude."

This 'bad-assitude' was in large part due to the oversized case. In the current world of mega-sized watches, it's easy to forget what a serious size the Offshore was in the early 1990s. It was groundbreaking in the luxury watch segment. But what was so different about it other than the size? Rubber. Luxury and rubber weren't seen as compatible bedfellows, and yet the watch had rubber-clad chronograph pushers and a ring of rubber around the winding crown as well as an exposed rubber gasket between the bezel and mid-case.

"The Offshore was a Royal Oak that had been hitting the weights room, practising kung fu and reading Nietzsche."

Of course, a luxury watch needs a high-quality movement. Audemars Piguet had an established relationship with Jaeger-LeCoultre, and at that point owned a large stake in the manufacturer. A beautifully modified Jaeger-LeCoultre automatic movement, which had a Dubois Dépraz module, was used for the Offshore. Immediately, however, there was an issue with the disparity between the size of the movement and the gargantuan case. To combat this, and to add to the watch's list of impressive attributes, the decision was made to make each watch anti-magnetic, through the use of an inner case. The Faraday cage is a soft iron case that sits within a watch, around the movement, to make the timepiece impervious to magnetic fields. This required the case to be even thicker, but the proportions worked, and actually added to the impressive presence on the wrist.

The Offshore is arguably one of the driving forces behind the craze for large-sized watches. Today we think nothing of watches that measure 42mm and above. The appeal of the Offshore quickly escalated, and it became one of the must-have timepieces. While the initial Tomba effect was key, as the watch picked up traction it began appearing on the wrists of rock stars, rappers, movie stars and sporting heroes. Like no other watch, the Offshore became the de facto masculine luxury watch.

Koh says: "Something about the watch taps instantly into the male psyche. It was part luxury watch and part superhero. And it soon became the preferred timepiece of two of pop culture's most iconic figures. The first was the Austrian-born bodybuilder turned action star Arnold Schwarzenegger. And, as you know, the single greatest rapper of all time, Jay-Z. And while Schwarzenegger wore special editions of the Offshore in films like *End of Days* and *Terminator 3*, Jay-Z turned the likes of Kanye West and Pharrell on to his favourite timepiece. Soon the entire rap world was flossing with AP's Royal Oak Offshore on their arms. At the same time, the Offshore appeared on the wrist of Ari Gold and Vinnie Chase in HBO's *Entourage*. And collectively this pop culture triple-tap ignited an explosion in popularity for the watch."

With this popularity came a number of endorsements and special editions. The watch was favoured by a number of celebrities who found it complemented their personal style and aesthetic. It's no surprise that the vast majority were strong personalities, thrill seekers and forward thinking. And can a movie star get more macho than Arnold Schwarzenegger? I think not, particularly when one considers the roles he was playing two decades ago, about the time his *End of Days* performance debuted in 1999. Four years into the Offshore's life, in 1997, Audemars Piguet dropped the steel bracelet and moved the watch onto a strap. A simple croco-style leather strap would have been far too vanilla for the mighty Offshore, of course. The strap was made of Cordura, Kevlar and aramid — again, unlike anything one would expect from a rarefied manufacture such as Audemars Piguet, but ideal for a watch such as the Offshore. The strap was perfect for Arnie's *End of Days* timepiece, thanks to the Velcro fastening that allowed it to be adjusted instantly for a large range of wrist sizes. But then the watch went a step further… or should that be darker?

At the end of the 1990s, the plethora of aftermarket customised black watches had not materialised, and only brands such as Porsche Design and Tag Heuer had experimented with coatings. In fact, the advent of the blacking out of watches is credited to the *End of Days* watch. Certainly, a brand such as Audemars Piguet had never deemed it appropriate to coat their finely finished cases in PVD. This is a key point. The Offshore was always finished to an exceedingly high standard, as with all AP watches. The decision to 'black out' the *End of Days* edition was controversial for fans of the manufacture, but it added another element to the watch that Offshore fans welcomed. The watch had a black dial, black case and black strap with striking yellow accents on the hands. The limited run of 500 pieces was a smash hit, and they were snapped up in an instant.

Beige cashmere cable-knit roll-neck,
Anderson & Sheppard.

Khaki and silver Royal Oak Offshore,
Audemars Piguet.

If coating the watch in PVD was shocking, imagine cladding key elements in rubber. In my mind, and apparently in the minds of the legion of fans of the rubber-clad Offshore, wrapping the huge bezel in rubber is the perfect complement to the already rubber-covered pushers and winding crown. This is what happened in 2003, and again there was some scepticism. According to Audemars Piguet's Chief Executive, François-Henry Bennahmias, "When the distributor in Italy saw this watch he said, 'Come on, rose-gold and rubber? You'll sell 100 pieces worldwide, maybe.' He called back a few days later to tell me demand was so strong he needed 100 pieces for Italy alone." To be sure, the bezel that was covered in rubber was made of gold. Bennahmias says: "Of course it is. We are AP. If you pay for a gold watch, you're going to get a gold watch, even on the parts you can't see."

While Audemars Piguet still have 42mm Offshores in the collection, for 2021 they have introduced a new 43mm execution that is the consummate expression of the manufacture. The new case of this trailblazing timepiece is an important step forwards, as the Offshore case size has remained unchanged since the introduction of the Offshore 44mm in the early 2000s. And beyond being great-looking watches in an ergonomically enhanced case, they also house the manufacture's latest flyback chronograph movement and have a new easy interchangeable strap system. The case has larger polished chamfers, while the bezel and chronograph pushers have a more pronounced curvature that flows ergonomically from the newly designed crystal.

One of the most striking elements of a watch is, obviously, its dial. In 1999, Audemars Piguet introduced the Grande Tapisserie, a bolder, zoomed-in interpretation of their legendary Petite Tapisserie guilloché dial. The Grande Tapisserie dials were made in the same way as the Petite Tapisserie dials, using the rose engine lathe, but the resulting patterns were double the size. In 2001, a new and even bolder interpretation was unveiled on the Offshore, known as the Extra-Grande Tapisserie. Later renamed the Méga Tapisserie, the super-sized pyramid pattern was no longer turned but instead embossed using powerful presses.

For 2021, the Méga Tapisserie has been reworked in a criss-cross Tapisserie pattern, in harmony with the newly designed case. The chronograph layout has also been reworked, with the minute counter at nine o'clock and the hour counter at three. Gone is the transfer-applied Audemars Piguet signature on the dial, too, replaced with a new applied AP monogram.

The groundbreaking Offshore has always been viewed as a platform for the brand to innovate with new materials, colours and manufacturing techniques. The new Offshore 43mm is available in five iterations. The first two are steel, both of which have ceramic bezels, chronograph pushers and screw-down winding crowns. One has a black dial with rhodium-hued sub-dials with a black rubber strap; the second has a smoked light-brown dial with black sub-dials and a matching brown rubber strap. Both watches benefit from white-gold hour markers and the classic Royal Oak hands.

AP are also offering two titanium models, both hand-finished with stunningly contrasting satin-brushed cases with polished chamfers. There is a titanium case and bezel version with lovely blue dial and matching blue rubber strap. As with the steel models, the pushers and crown are made in black ceramic. The second titanium model uses grey ceramic for the bezel, pushers and chrono and houses a grey dial. This *ton-sur-ton* configuration is at once both elegant and sporty, a look that is even more pronounced thanks to the striking blue sub-dials.

"We are AP. If you pay for a gold watch, you're going to get a gold watch, even on the parts you can't see."

The last, richest and most luxurious iteration of the 43mm Beasts is the 18-carat pink-gold watch. The black ceramic bezel, pushers and crown give the watch a decidedly two-tone look that works beautifully. The black dial is punctuated with pink-gold hour markers, hands and AP initials, and the whole aesthetic is pulled together with a black rubber strap.

Of note is the fact that all five models are accompanied by a second strap — either rubber or leather, depending on the model. The last decade in watch collecting has witnessed a surge in popularity for mixing and matching straps. Those, like myself, who are forever changing straps will be only too familiar with the fiddly way in which spring bars are taken out and replaced. Audemars Piguet have removed this laborious task by introducing their new interchangeable strap system. Both straps and buckles can be swiftly swapped using the double-push system that is built into the buckles and case studs.

The 43mm Offshore also heralds the arrival of the brand's newest flyback chronograph movement, the Calibre 4401. The movement features a column wheel and vertical clutch and a patented zero resetting feature for flyback chronograph function, allowing a smooth and accurate chronograph for timing whatever adventure you choose. The watch also boasts an impressive 70-hour power reserve. As one would expect from such a prestigious watchmaker, the movement is beautifully finished, and its Côtes de Genève, *traits tirés* and circular graining can be enjoyed by the beholder through the sapphire caseback.

Even though travel and our everyday journeys have been restricted in the past year and a half, this Offshore adventure has not been in any way compromised. Forget departures — AP's flyback is where it's at.

Beige cashmere cable-knit roll-neck, **Anderson & Sheppard**.

Khaki and silver Royal Oak Offshore, **Audemars Piguet**.

18+

WHAT IS AVAXHOME?

AVAXHOME-

the biggest Internet portal, providing you various content: brand new books, trending movies, fresh magazines, hot games, recent software, latest music releases.

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Ecru cashmere ribbed crew-neck, **Private White V.C.**; grey wool trousers, **Anderson & Sheppard**; black leather boots, **Malone Souliers**.

Black and silver Royal Oak Offshore, **Audemars Piguet**.

MODEL: CHRISTIAN BORDIN AT SELECT
VIDEOGRAPHER: MARCUS EBANKS
PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT: EDGAR CHUDOBA
ASSISTED BY: VERONICA PEREZ
GROOMING: ASAHI SANO AT CAREN FISK

WAYFARING STRANGERS

Much ventured, much gained in an escape to the Maldives, where the most exclusive hotel in the Indian Ocean's most exclusive archipelago plays host to **THE RAKE.**

photography **kim lang** *art direction* **amo völker**
special thanks to **Patina Maldives**

PATINA

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Previous spread:
Navy Italian cotton towelling, Angel towelling blazer, **Udeshi**; multicoloured brushed 100% polyester fabric printed swimming shorts, **Ripa Ripa**; Bearfoot Negroni Bear watch, **Ralph Lauren x The Rake**.

Opposite page:
Reservoir Hydrosphere Bronze x Revolution 'The Maldives Edition', **Reservoir x Revolution**; beaded bracelet with black disc beads, **Nialaya**; white wool, cotton and silk blend sports jacket, **Lorenzo Cifonelli x The Rake**; beige cotton trousers, **Stile Latino**; brown viscose Hawaiian shirt, **Cordone 1956**.

This page:
Multicoloured polyamide and elastane halter 1984 one-piece swimsuit, **Vilebrequin**; Bearfoot Negroni Bear watch, **Ralph Lauren x The Rake**.

Opposite page, top left:
Amo: Multicoloured cotton and acrylic open-neck caftan, **LemLem**.

Opposite page, top right:
Oriol: Teal Merino wool curved placket short-sleeve polo, **King & Tuckfield**; blue polyamide turtle print swimming trunks, **Vilebrequin**.

Opposite page, bottom:
Amo: Burnt orange silk cut-out dress, **Yoox**.

Oriol: White cotton shirt, **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; light-grey linen trousers, **Stile Latino**.

This page:
Amo: Ice blue nylon and elastane non-wired swimsuit, **La Perla**; Submersible Carbotech 42mm PAM 00960, **Panerai**.

Amo: Long sleeve swimsuit, *model's own*; black tortoiseshell acetate Eric sunglasses, **Tom Ford**.

Oriol: Black wool and mohair tuxedo trousers, **Ralph Lauren**; white Supima cotton T-Shirt, **Cifonelli**.

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This page:
Oriol: Blue and white seersucker pleated trousers, **Kit Blake**; navy linen and cotton shirt, **Private White V.C.**

Opposite page:
Amo: Yellow cotton shirt, **Ralph Lauren**; Bearfoot Negroni Bear watch, **Ralph Lauren x The Rake**.

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This page:
Oriol: Pink linen shirt, **Vilebrequin**; white wool, cotton and silk blend sports jacket, **Lorenzo Cifonelli x The Rake**; beige cotton trousers, **Stile Latino**; multicoloured beaded bracelet, **Nialaya**; brown leather bracelet with gold Bali clasp lock, **Nialaya**; Cran transparent acetate gradient grey lens sunglasses, **The Bespoke Dudes Eyewear**.

Opposite page:
Amo: Gold metal sunglasses, **Lanvin**; black leather sandals, **Ralph Lauren**; blue and white Seersucker gown, **Gownsmith**.

Oriol: Beige cotton trousers, **Stile Latino**.
Amo: Brown knitted wool cardigan, **Ralph Lauren**; Happy Sport 36mm, **Chopard**.

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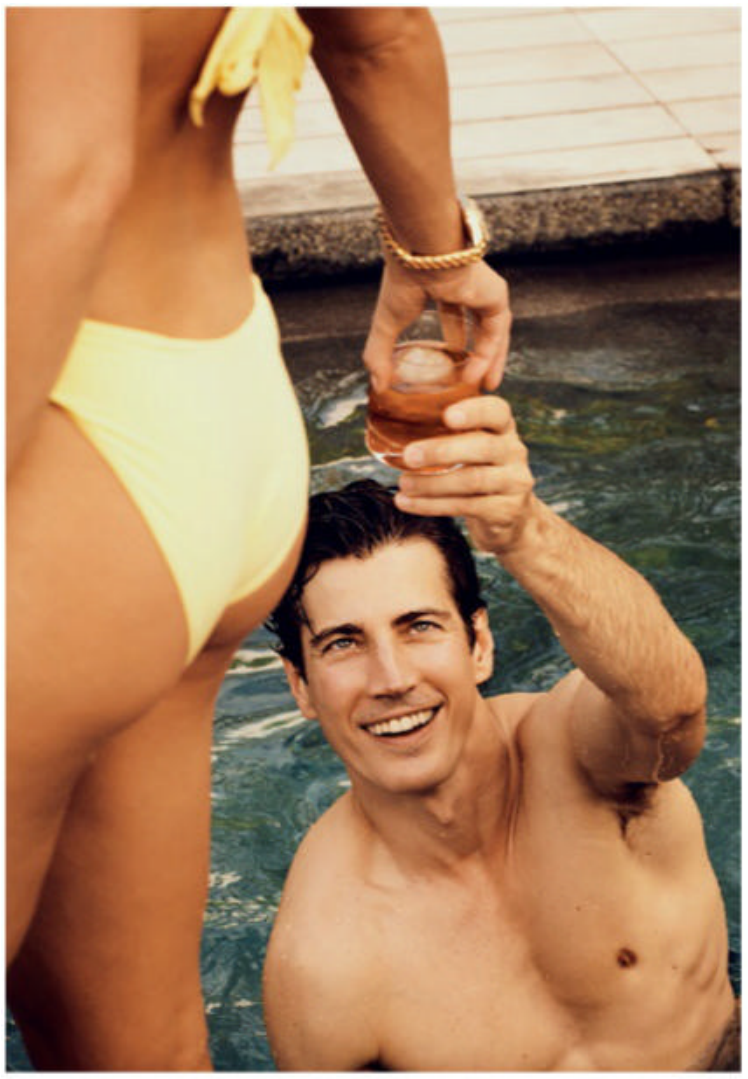
Opposite page:
Amo: Pink linen shirt, **Vilebrequin**; sage Tencel floral palazzo trousers, **King & Tuckfield**; Pink Happy Sport 36mm, **Chopard**.

Oriol: Light blue wool suit, **Caruso**; light blue cotton shirt, **Lorenzo Cifonelli x The Rake**; Luminor Marina 44mm 1313, **Panerai**.

This page:
Black wool knitted dress, **L'Agence**; HM7 Aquapod Green Bezel Grade 5 Titanium Case, **MB&F**.



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Opposite page, top left:
Amo: Yellow nylon and elastane bikini, **La Perla**; yellow-gold 1980 Day-Date, **Rolex**.
Oriol: Blue polyamide turtle print swimming trunks, **Vilebrequin**.

Opposite page, top right:
Amo: 30mm 18K rose-gold and stainless steel Happy Sport, **Chopard**; dress, *model's own*.

Opposite page, bottom:
Amo: Long sleeve swimsuit, *model's own*.
Oriol: White cotton polo shirt, **Lorenzo Cifonelli x The Rake**; off-white cotton shorts, **Lorenzo Cifonelli x The Rake**; 42mm Submersible PAM00683, **Panerai**.

This page:
Oriol: Yellow and brown viscose Hawaiian shirt, **Cordone 1956**; beige bespoke trousers, **Rubinacci**.
Amo: Mustard wool suit, **Lardini**; Green Dial 18K rose-gold case Happy Sport 36mm Quartz, **Chopard**.

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This page:
White cotton trousers, **Lorenzo Cifonelli x The Rake**.

Opposite page:
Burgundy silk slip dress, **La Perla**.

Opposite page:
Turquoise linen shirt, **Vilebrequin**.

This page, top left:
Oriol: Green wool, silk and linen robe, **Gownsmith**; Submersible 42mm PAM00973, **Panerai**.
Amo: Burgundy silk slip dress, **La Perla**; Green Dial 18K rose-gold case Happy Sport 36mm Quartz, **Chopard**.

This page, top right:
Amo: Catherine Deneuve fedora with red band, **Hat of Cain**; Deep red Lycra non-wired swimsuit; **La Perla**; yellow-gold and diamond starfish earrings, **Yvonne Leon**; Happy Sport Rose 33mm, **Chopard**.

This page, bottom:
Amo: Dress, *model's own*.
Oriol: Black wool dinner suit and white cotton pleated shirt, **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**.

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HOLY TRINITY; FOREVER AUTUMN.

KIM LANG

ECLECTIC AVENUE

Americana, classic formalwear and rock 'n' roll chic rub shoulders with fearlessness and pomp in Barbanera's new line, created in collaboration with **THE RAKE.** *'This range,' says Sergio Guardì, 'is such a perfect expression of our mood.'*

by ***nick scott*** *photography* ***kim lang***

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Sergio: **Alberto VBC x Barbanera Prince of Wales double-breasted jacket; PPP 100% cashmere polo shirt; Clyde VBC x Barbanera Prince of Wales wool trousers.**

Sebastiano: **Murat Cerruti x Barbanera Alpaca double-breasted coat; Kirk Merino wool turtleneck cable knit sweater; Clyde VBC x Barbanera burgundy wool trousers.**

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Kirk Merino wool turtleneck cable knit sweater; Clyde VBC x Barbanera burgundy wool trousers.

What, in sartorial terms, do George Clooney (in movie premiere mode), Ralph Lauren (in American workwear mode), and Keith Richards (in Keith Richards mode) all have in common?

The default response might be, "About as much as the musical output of Bowie, Bernstein and Beethoven". And yet, thanks to a new sartorial freedom proffered upon *au courant* men — one that has been in the making for decades and is now amplified by our post-pandemic modus operandi — mixing and matching the garments that make up these disparate guises can lift a gentleman's look into the stratosphere. The refined-rugged dichotomy is a 'thing', with all charges of feigned eccentricity laughed out of court. Coherence has planted its flag where once confusion ruled with an iron fist.

At the vanguard of this liberating new reality — eclectic chic, if you like — are Barbanera, an exquisitely disruptive menswear label founded in 2011 by brothers Sergio and Sebastiano Guardì and Alessandro Pagliacci. (The name Barbanera is an Italian appellation for the 17th century English pirate Blackbeard, and reflects the brand's unashamed tendency to plunder the stylistic oceans for its various stylistic references.)

"We've never wanted to be just an Italian heritage brand, or just a rock 'n' roll brand, or just an Americana-style brand, you know?" Sergio Guardì, the brand's Creative Director, tells *The Rake*. "We want to be all these things." And, says Sergio, it's an ambition that has been realised with their latest collection, a collaboration with *The Rake*. "This project is so, so important to us because it's such an expression of the DNA of our brand," he says. "We always say that Barbanera is a mixture of different elements, different influences, and this range is such a perfect expression of our current mood."

One piece that carries particular emotional resonance for the founding trio is the corduroy western-style shirt. "One in blue was the first garment we produced when we decided to step away from being a shoes-only brand," Sergio says. "It quickly became one of our most iconic staple pieces." The collaboration with *The Rake* includes versions in black and blue, and opens up even more exciting sartorial avenues, especially when the wearer adheres to the Barbanera ethos and juxtaposes it with garments that more timid dressers would deem a clash. Sergio explains: "We want to offer our own interpretation of this garment, so we imagine them being worn with tailored pieces, like under a jacket, a suit or with smarter trousers."

Those wanting to embrace Sergio's advice — and raise a finger to the sartorial genre-gendarmes of times gone by, while also paddle-shifting their ensemble out of fourth gear — should consider pairing the shirt with another key component of the collaboration, the Prince of Wales double-breasted suit, which is made from a specially designed fabric by Vitale Barberis Canonico. "Another idea is to create a blend of seventies and old-school gangster styles with this collection," says Sergio, "so while our separate new suit collection has pinstripe fabrics or similar, for *The Rake* I wanted something a bit different — something quintessentially British but with our own spin." Nestling in the zone where slim-cut and more voluminous drapes overlap — "our fit", as Sergio puts it — it's also in the Goldilocks zone when it comes to weight: only in the most extreme climates will this feel either too weighty or too light.

The refined-rugged dichotomy is a 'thing', with all charges of feigned eccentricity laughed out of court.

The lining is in one of Barbanera's trademark hues, burgundy, and carefully measured bravado calls the shots when it comes to the lapels. "I love Neapolitan style, but lapels-on-steroids are not so elegant to me," says Sergio. The accompanying trousers are high waisted, their front closure features double buttons and no belt loops ("obviously"), and they are designed to drape immaculately while just about kissing, at the extremity, the uppers of the wearer's shoes.

The textile craftspeople at Vitale Barberis Canonico should also take a great deal of credit for the trousers in *The Rake* collaboration, in particular the Trinity, a pair in grey, light herringbone wool. "I love this type of trouser — simple, elegant and informal at the same time," says Sergio. "I like to think of them matched with a turtleneck or the black corduroy western shirt and a pair of boots or loafers." The Clyde trousers, meanwhile, are the same as the suit's trousers but in a heavier, tough burgundy flannel wool. Sergio says: "These trousers are so cool — I want to match them with knits or denim shirts for a killer combo."

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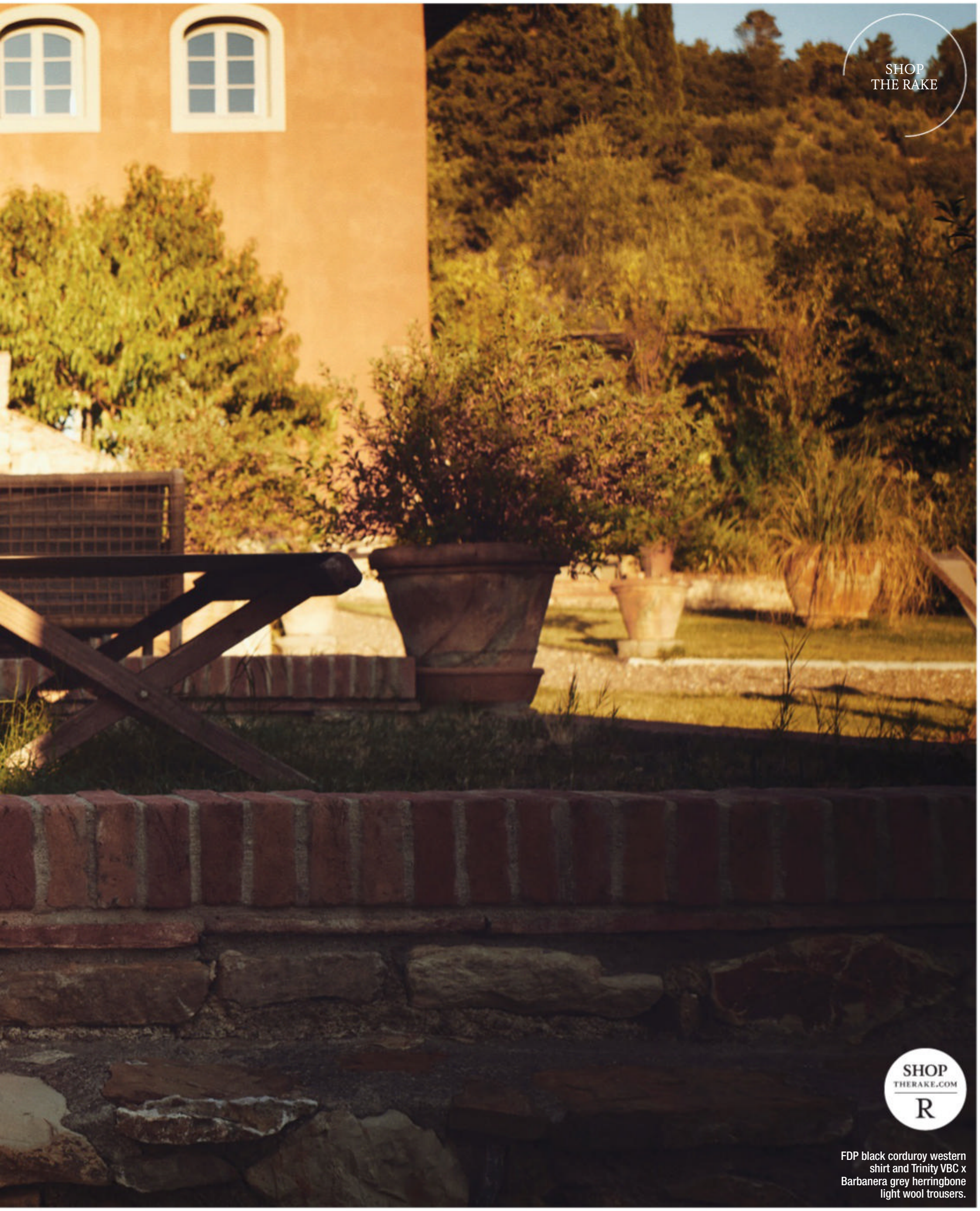
Alessandro: Dean camel/beige 100% cashmere turtleneck sweater; Trinity VBC x Barbanera grey herringbone light wool trousers.

Sergio: Alberto VBC x Barbanera Prince of Wales double-breasted jacket; PPP 100% cashmere polo shirt; Clyde VBC x Barbanera Prince of Wales wool trousers.

Sebastiano: Murat Cerruti x Barbanera alpaca double-breasted coat; FDP medium wash denim western shirt; Clyde VBC x Barbanera burgundy wool trousers.



FDP black corduroy western shirt and Trinity VBC x Barbanera grey herringbone light wool trousers.

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This page:
Alberto VBC x Barbanera Prince of Wales double-breasted jacket; Clyde VBC x Barbanera burgundy wool trousers; FDP medium wash denim western shirt.

Opposite page:
Alfredo burgundy Merino wool cable knit sweater; white selvedge denim from our own collection.

The burgundy theme continues with Alfredo, a crew-collar, cable-knit sweater in Merino wool, also available in a creamy-white hue (Kirk), while the Dean — named in homage to Dean Martin, and in particular his achingly suave turn as Matt Helm in *The Ambushers* — is described by Sergio as "one of the most versatile garments for winter". Buttonless, V-neck polos, meanwhile, have come to play a key role in Barbanera's output, and the collaboration with *The Rake* contains both cotton and cashmere versions, the latter a stunningly elegant long-sleeve version ("super-cool under a jacket or a suit").

Moving on to outerwear — here the range really becomes a gloriously varied sartorial melange — we have the imperious Kurtz bomber jacket. "Usually it's made in green, but we've created a totally black version for *The Rake*," says Sergio. "I think of this as the black sheep of the collection, and love the idea of wearing it with sartorial trousers, a knit and some military inspired winter boots." It features a stitched Latin slogan: Floreat Rake. Finally, Sergio describes the Murat — a double-breasted, camel-coloured coat fashioned from fabric from the Cerruti mill in Biella — as "the most magnificent piece of the collection". He adds: "Lots of people have at least one cashmere coat in their closet, but how many have an alpaca one? It's warm, soft and has a slightly fuzzy texture that gives it an amazing vintage, retro look — super-elegant, dandy and badass all at the same time. It has wider lapels than our Harlock military coat, and has strong military references."

The crucial point about this made-in-Italy stylistic cornucopia — and something that makes it more than the sum of its parts — is that it represents a new era in the evolution of menswear. Indeed, the word associated with natural selection, for Sergio, is at the heart of the label's ambitions. "We don't need any stylistic revolution — revolutions destroy everything and you have to rebuild from the start, and I'm not this kind of guy," he says. "We need lighter touches which make for an evolution of what it is to be a gentleman. We share this point of view with *The Rake*. That's why we didn't want to just make a collection by us but with Rake labels. We share values — about style, about life, about how to interpret life.

"The Murat coat has a fuzzy texture that gives it a vintage look — elegant, dandy and badass all at the same time."

"With everything you do in your life, you express values, points of view, life vision — in the important things and in the less important things. We're not inventing things that will change the course of history for the human race here, we're talking about clothes and style, which are fun, but we're not the kind of guys who think that how you knot your tie is going to change the world. But something we learned from our father is to put our hearts and our souls into everything we do." The garments before you are testimony to Guardì Sr.'s perspicacity.

This spread:
Sergio: Alfredo burgundy Merino wool cable knit sweater; Trinity VBC x Barbanera grey herringbone light wool trousers.

Alessandro: FDP blue corduroy western shirt; Clyde VBC x Barbanera Prince of Wales wool trousers.

Sebastiano: FDP medium wash denim western shirt; Clyde VBC x Barbanera burgundy wool trousers.

LEGENDS OF FALL

Cashmere, corduroy, flannel, wool and denim: Alexander Kraft and his eponymous brand, Alexander Kraft Monte Carlo, have created a stunning array of autumn classics for him and her.

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Alexander is wearing 'Avvocato' stone-washed Italian denim jeans, suede double-D belt, blue and white Bengal stripe cotton shirt, sports jacket in brown herringbone wool, brown suede Belgian loafers, all from **Alexander Kraft Monte Carlo**, available at The Rake. Alicia is wearing Prince of Wales brown wool jacket and white jeans, from **Alexander Kraft Monte Carlo**, available at The Rake.

There is a good reason that autumn is the favourite season of many style arbiters: from mild Indian-summer evenings to sunny yet crisp days, autumn gives ample opportunity to dress up as well as down, and play with a multitude of layers and materials.

Alexander Kraft and his eponymous brand have created a beautiful autumn/winter 2021 collection that includes everything that a gentleman and a lady might need: a choice of jeans (dark Japanese denim or subtly washed in the Agnelli style), cable-knit pure-cashmere sweaters, corduroy suits, flannel separates, wool sports jackets and sublime duffel coats. Kraft has created a universe of future heirlooms that will assure both style and comfort during the cold(er) season.

All pieces available at TheRake.com

Opposite page (clockwise from top left):
On Alexander: **Pure cashmere cable-knit sweater in grey, blue and white striped cotton shirt, light grey flannel trousers, all from Alexander Kraft Monte Carlo** at The Rake.
On Alicia: **Ecru corduroy trousers, waistcoat and jacket, from Alexander Kraft Monte Carlo** at The Rake.

On Alexander: **Long-sleeve sartorial cotton polo shirt in navy, wool sports jacket in caramel herringbone wool with leather buttons and elbow patches, 'Avvocato' stone-washed Italian denim jeans, brown suede double-D belt, brown suede Belgian loafers, all from Alexander Kraft Monte Carlo**, at The Rake.
On Alicia: **White jeans and Angora/wool duffle coat, from Alexander Kraft Monte Carlo** at The Rake.

On Alexander: **Navy chalkstripe flannel trousers, blue and white Bengal stripe cotton shirt, pure-cashmere cable-knit sweater in navy, all from Alexander Kraft Monte Carlo** at The Rake.
On Alicia: **Ecru corduroy waistcoat and wide ecru corduroy trousers, from Alexander Kraft Monte Carlo** at The Rake.

On Alexander: **Jeans in dark Japanese selvedge denim, sports jacket in Prince of Wales brown wool, blue and white Bengal stripe cotton shirt, brown suede double-D belt, all from Alexander Kraft Monte Carlo** at The Rake.

2355

LAGAVULIN

compendium

OFF TO THE RACES; **STEERING A NEW COURSE;** HAMILTON!;
THE SPECIALS; THAT'S WHAT I WANT; **DEATH BECOMES HIM.**

KNIGHT RIDER

Sir Jackie Stewart tells **THE RAKE** *why he believes nuclear energy is the way forward for Formula 1, and which of his treasured Rolex watches he'd keep if he had to give the rest away…*

by ***ross povey***

I make no secret of my loyalty and love for the house of Wilsdorf. In fact, if you cut me in half, I suspect it would say ROLEX TUDOR around the circumference of my core, much like a stick of Blackpool rock. In light of this mono-focus, I think I secretly believe that I am the biggest fan of the Genevan *maison*. However, during a delightful lunch at Silverstone with one of the brand's most established ambassadors, I accept that I met my match. Sir Jackie Stewart is the perfect brand representative, and the evidence for it goes way beyond his bespoke Rolex-embroidered shirts. Stewart believes the brand is one of the greatest ever, and his love of Rolex watches is demonstrated by his vast personal collection.

Rolex care deeply about our planet and doing all they can to sustain our resources and invest in the environment. Those in Formula 1, including Stewart, share their concerns. "You can be sure that motorsport will continue indefinitely," Stewart says. "People need transportation, and a great many people need their own, personal transportation that is a motor vehicle. The question is, where will the energy come from to power these vehicles? I believe that whatever the answer to this is, whatever energy or fuel, will probably happen in Formula 1 before it becomes standard for the general population. This has been the case with most of the technology in modern motoring, be it tyres or fuel alongside a host of other developments."

Stewart is adamant that motor racing has a strong future as a spectator sport like no other. "It's spectacular, glamorous, colourful, and there's a real sense of danger," he says. "Nobody likes to see death, of course, but people seem to like to see an accident or the near misses, and that will always continue due to the nature of high-speed competition. The sport is robust, but I believe the energy is the uncertain part."

The challenge is to find a sustainable source. "I believe there are a couple of viable options to power what is quite an intensively power-hungry sport," Stewart says. "Nuclear, I believe, is probably the best, as some of the others create a lot of waste. Electric is a good example. Formula E has generated a lot of interest, due to the energy agenda, but what do you do with all the worn-out batteries, environmentally?

"Nuclear offers many benefits, and we will make it happen fast and effectively in Formula 1, because that's what we are good at — fast responses to problem solving through our robust systems. The technologists in Formula 1 are the best there are, and their response time is lightning fast, like the cars. Much quicker than even aerospace technology. The ultimate solution will come quickly and it will be impressive."

"My legacy will be around the issue of safety. And not just in F1. What happens in F1 gets rolled out to the public."

Stewart, 82, has been a huge part of Formula 1 for many decades, as both a driver and as an ambassador. What does he feel is his greatest contribution to the sport? "My legacy will be around the important issue of safety," he says. "And not just in F1. As I said earlier, what happens first in Formula 1 gets rolled out more wildly to other racing forms and then the general public. When we look back at all the accidents over the years, it became a very dangerous business. It's now not a dangerous business and our record is extremely good. More people die falling off horses or on a rugby field than in Formula 1."

Stewart has lost a number of close friends to the sport, and has been single-minded in campaigning to make motor racing safer. It was Stewart's determination that led to the introduction of seat belts and full-face helmets as well as track barriers and larger run-off areas in dangerous parts of the course. This was key to spectator safety, too.

The relationship between Rolex and motorsport has been in place for many years. Rolex's flagship sports watch, the mighty Daytona, is named after one of motorsport's

THOMAS LAISNÉ

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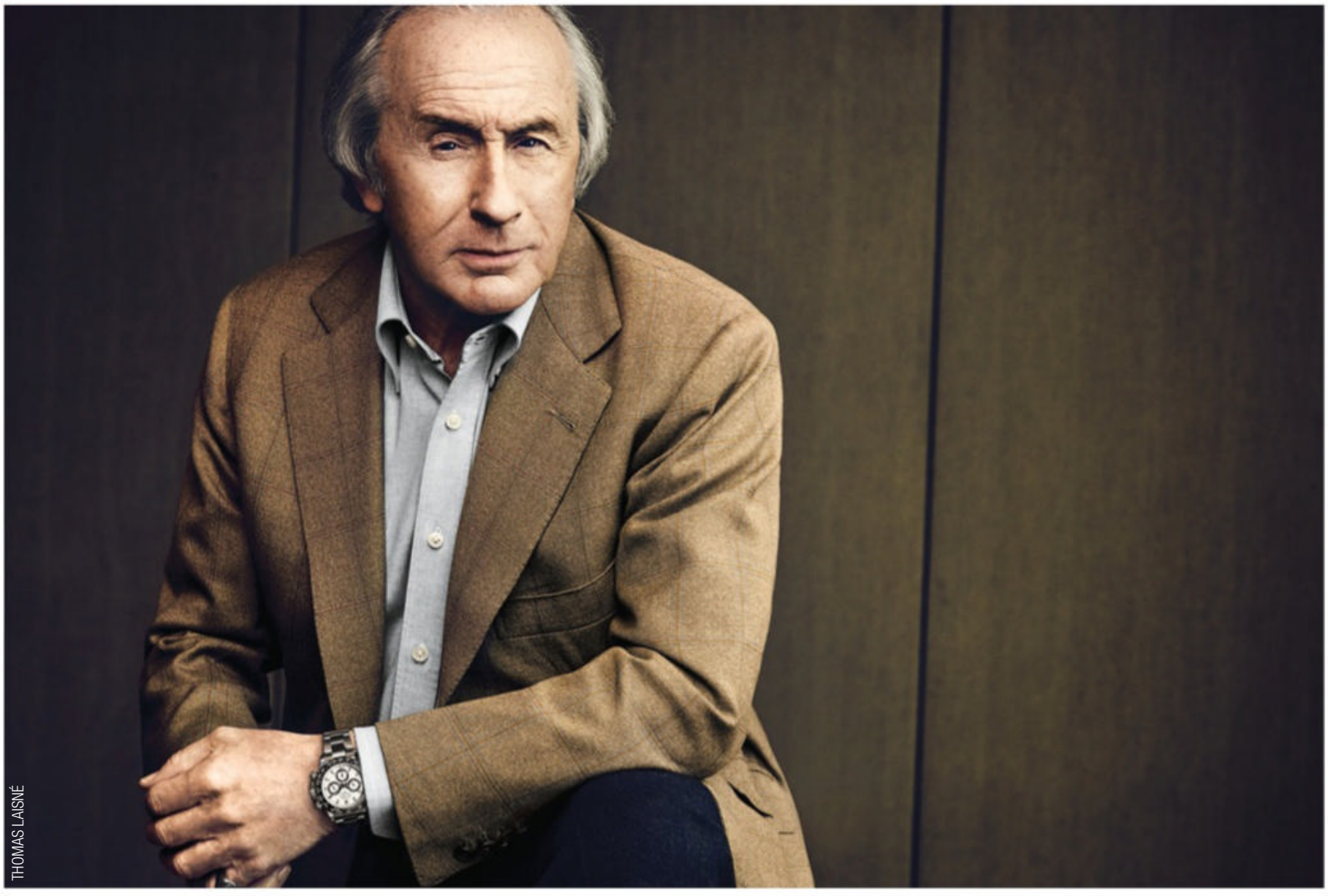


THOMAS LAISNÉ

JAD SHERIF

AUDOIN DESFORGES

most famous circuits, and the brand has been involved as a Formula 1 sponsor for almost a decade. "Motorsport has been around since the first horseless carriages and has always advanced beyond what is available elsewhere," he says. "Just like Rolex, Formula 1 has kept ahead of its time, and, like Rolex, it will always stay there."

Stewart signed with Rolex in 1968, and has been a staunch supporter of the brand ever since. "Rolex has always been the crème de la crème in terms of watches, and has been worn by elite performers for many years," he says. "Arnold Palmer, Jean-Claude Killy, Mercedes Gleitze — all attained their biggest achievements wearing a Rolex. Events, too — sailing, the Pebble Beach Concours [D'Elegance], tennis and Formula 1 all work in partnership with Rolex."

"I wear three Stewart tartans: the Hunting Stewart in green, Racing Stewart in blue, and a stealthy one for evening dress."

Stewart was given his first Rolex in 1966, for his performance in the Indianapolis 500. "I remember that watch and I was delighted to own such a thing," he says. "At that time I could never have afforded such a thing as a Rolex watch. It was a yellow-gold Day-Date on a President bracelet. Sadly it was stolen… but I managed to get another one!" And if he could keep only one piece out of his considerable collection? "I was presented with a Rolex in 1966 for getting pole position at the Monaco grand prix. It was a Daytona and I still own it. I also have a steel GMT-Master that I love to wear a lot, as well as a very unusual Rolex, the King Midas. I like to rotate them for all the grands prix I attend. But if I could keep only one, it would be that Monaco Daytona."

I couldn't resist asking about his tartan trousers and hats. He says: "Tartan is very important to Scottish heritage, and I've always been very proud of my roots. It came about almost by accident and began with Racing Stewart, which is blue and happens to be the national colour of Scotland. It became the colour for our racing teams over the years and I started wearing Racing Stewart tartan trousers for Formula 1 races."

The trousers are made by Kinloch Anderson in Edinburgh, with matching hats made by Lock & Co. "I wear three Stewart tartans: the Hunting Stewart in green, Racing Stewart in blue, and a stealthy one for evening dress. The green Hunting Stewart is great for matching with my green-dial Day-Date, but of course I have a blue one too for my Racing Stewart days!"

With that, Stewart took me on a tour of the Silverstone circuit, which included an up-close visit to Stowe corner, where we watched the qualifying for the British grand prix the following day. Whatever the future of Formula 1, you can be sure Sir Jackie will be at its epicentre, dressed in his tartan and wearing one of his beloved Rolexes.

TIME TRAVELLERS

The Heritage BiCompax Annual Lucerne, by Carl F. Bucherer, is a celebration of a storied vehicle, an enigmatic little metropolis, and a watchmaking dynasty all in one.

by **nick scott**

The phrase 'family car' may for many of us conjure up images of prosaic school-run vehicles and anthropomorphic jalopies in old kids' movies, but not so the family whose eponymous watch brand was founded in 1888, when Carl Friedrich Bucherer opened a specialist watch and jewellery store in Lucerne with his wife.

It was Carl Eduard Bucherer, the son of the aforementioned founding visionary (one of the first watchmakers, horological trivia buffs, to adopt the watch strap), who brought a 1949 Lincoln Cosmopolitan Town Sedan into the family, unaware of the place it would eventually earn in his family's domestic folklore.

The car made a huge impression on Jörg G. Bucherer, Carl Eduard's son, who as a 13-year-old watched the Lincoln win the Public Prize at the Concours d'Excellence International in Lucerne in the same year as its purchase. It was sold three years later, but in 2013, several owners later, Jörg tracked down the vehicle, returned it to the roost, and restored it — the body stripped back, the engine rebuilt from scratch — to the condition it was in when it wowed the crowds in Lucerne all those years ago. A fairytale ending to the story came to fruition when it was taken to the Concours d'Excellence International once again in September and put on display at the Swiss Museum of Transport.

The 188 collectors who land one of these timepieces will certainly consider themselves custodians of a rich piece of automotive history.

How does a manufacture of Carl F. Bucherer's calibre celebrate such a rich narrative? You know the answer, so without further ado, the crucial details: the 188 Heritage BiCompax Annual Lucerne timepieces pay homage to the firm's hometown of Lucerne, a European mini-metropolis given picture-postcard-status by its abundance of medieval architecture and its proximity to the lake of the same name.

Aesthetic nods to the car, in this vintage-looking chronograph whose beating heart is very much in the here and now, are unobtrusive, but obvious enough to elicit appreciative nods of recognition from those who know the story of the family's beloved Lincoln: there are chrome elements, and the vehicle's teal blue is referenced on the sub-dials, running seconds and chronograph minutes, as well as the chapter ring (which has a tachymeter scale).

Elsewhere on the silver-coloured dial, viewed through a double-domed sapphire crystal, are a month aperture between four and five o'clock and an elegantly conspicuous date window just below 12 o'clock. Completing the look are luminous syringe hands, which echo a stylistic preference that was prevalent as Carl Eduard Bucherer watched his beloved Lincoln roar across the finish line in the heady altitudes of post-war Lucerne.

The 41mm stainless steel case can be fixed to the wrist with two strap options: a multi-link Milanese stainless steel bracelet and a calfskin leather strap, interchangeable thanks to both featuring a quick-release system. Inside, a CFB Calibre 1972 automatic chronograph with a 42-hour power reserve also has an annual calendar complication, which allows for different month lengths, and thus needs correcting only at the end of each February. Owners can behold the calibre in question in all its glory while also taking in the peripheral rotor (an innovation Carl F. Bucherer was first to put into series production; Carl F. Bucherer are also significant innovators when it comes to peripherally mounted floating tourbillons and minute repeaters with peripheral regulators).

Unlike with, say, the Bugatti/Jacob & Co. Chiron Tourbillon, nobody without the surname Bucherer will ever get to own both car and watch. But the 188 collectors who land one of these timepieces will certainly consider themselves custodians of a rich piece of automotive history. "This is such an incredible narrative," says Sascha Moeri, the Chief Executive of Carl F. Bucherer. "All of us who have been privileged to work closely with Jörg G. Bucherer over the years are excited to help bring the car back to the place where it made history and to celebrate the event with a great new watch."

Indeed, what better tribute — to a much loved, four-wheeled family heirloom and an equally cherished family place of domicile — by a still-family-owned watchmaker.

The 1949 Lincoln Cosmopolitan Town Sedan and the Heritage BiCompax Annual Lucerne timepiece inspired by it.

ON MANOEUVRES

Hamilton, the watchmakers founded in America in the 19th century, deploy their new bronze Khaki Field Mechanical 38mm.

by ***felix scholz***

Everyone loves a watch that fulfils a purpose. Dive watches made to conquer depths that we will never reach. Chronographs intended to time laps we will never race. Even dress watches, paired with tuxedos we rarely wear. We find intense joy in the specialised and the niche. That's all well and good, but there's an even greater joy to be found in the quotidian — a comfortable, reliable ritual that makes up so much of our daily, ordinary life. The ordinary is calming and has a distinct charm. It's also a life that calls for a particular sort of watch — an everyday companion, proven and reliable.

This is exactly where the genre of watch known as the field watch fits. Hard wearing, robust and functional, the field watch typically doesn't boast the bells and whistles of more specialised sports watches, but it doesn't need them. Field watches have been around in one form or another for more than a century, and they have proven themselves in some of the harshest environments imaginable. While many brands have created their own take on a field watch, one name stands above them all, and that is Hamilton. Before we learn about the brand's latest Khaki Field Mechanical 38mm, let's find out where the field watch was born.

Exploring the field

There are a few contenders for the title of 'first' wristwatch, be that the timepiece commissioned by a Neapolitan queen or the one made for the pioneering Brazilian aviator. In truth, these singular examples did little to move the needle of popular taste when it came to moving watches from pockets to the wrist. The necessities of modern war drove that shift.

In the first world war and other conflicts, an accurate and rugged watch could be a literal lifesaver. Of course, this style of watch, born on the field of battle, didn't end there. The utility of the wristwatch was proven, and as thousands of veterans returned home wearing them, the era of the wristwatch had begun. But beyond firming up the future of the wristwatch, the defining qualities of a military field watch — legibility, reliability and durability — had been clearly established. More importantly, it quickly became evident that these attributes weren't just for the armed forces. Outdoorsmen, explorers and backyard adventurers found uses for these hard-wearing watches. The field watch was a proven hit with civilians and service members, and watch brands paid attention, with many making their own version of this practical timekeeper.

From Lancaster to the world

When it comes to field watches, the name of Hamilton looms large. Founded in 1892 in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the heart of American watchmaking, Hamilton's watchmaking played an important role during the second world war. In 1942, Hamilton ceased all consumer-focused production to concentrate on the needs of the armed forces because, more than ever before, timekeeping mattered in war. Hamilton played their role brilliantly, delivering more than one million timepieces during the war.

The trying conditions of wartime production required the watchmaker to innovate, developing new lubricants and their own non-metallic alloy for use in hairsprings, Elinvar Extra. Of particular significance were the 10,000-plus marine chronometers the brand produced. These gimbal-mounted, high-grade pocket-watch mechanisms were primarily used for naval navigation. In a hostile environment, when radio signals could be intercepted, navigation by dead reckoning was the only viable option. That required an accurate chronometer, and the ability of Hamilton to produce their incredibly accurate chronometers at scale had a material effect on the American war effort. Admiral Arleigh Burke, chief of staff to vice-admiral Marc Mitscher during the battle for Leyte Gulf, wrote: "The ships of the 3rd and 7th Fleets that fought at Leyte Gulf were absolutely dependent upon Hamilton Marine Chronometers for the accurate time that was essential to successful naval and air operations. This United States victory, in one of the greatest naval battles ever fought, marked the beginning of the end of world war II."

So well regarded was Hamilton's contribution to the war effort that, between 1943 and 1945, they were awarded with the Army-Navy 'E' award five times. This award was a symbol of unparalleled excellence in production. Of the 85,000 companies contributing to the war effort, fewer than five per cent would receive this distinction. Hamilton's production

With its improved mechanical movement, sapphire crystal and a bronze case in need of a patina, the Hamilton Khaki Field Mechanical Bronze could be the greatest Hamilton Khaki yet.

HAMILTON KHAKI FIELD MECHANICAL BRONZE
MOVEMENT Manual winding calibre H-50; 80-hour power reserve
FUNCTIONS Hours, minutes, seconds and 24-hour display
CASE 38mm; bronze; water resistant to 50m
STRAP Brown calf leather NATO with titanium pin buckle
PRICE £720

included less specialised pieces, such as the accurate wristwatches supplied to the U.S. Army Ordnance Department, which, like most military-issued watches, was powered by the brand's calibre 987 and its variants, and the standard-issue military wristwatch, which, with its black dial, luminous hours and well-built case, fit the mould of a field watch.

From the field to the jungle

It is a different watch, from a different war, that serves as the template for the Khaki Field Mechanical 38mm. It is a watch made according to the military specifications laid down in 1964, known as MIL-W-46374, which listed the requirements for the general issue military watch, requiring an economical and mass-produced timepiece. This document, more than any other, effectively codified and standardised the modern field watch. It wasn't long before these watches started being issued in bulk by quartermasters across the American sphere of influence as American combat troops entered the Vietnam War from 1965, with more than half a million in theatre by 1969.

The watch that Hamilton made for these GIs was a 33mm time-only watch with a clear dial layout and notable 24-hour inner scale. Simple and effective, like the Hamilton watches worn by the generation before them, these watches continued into civilian life. Not just on the wrists of returned soldiers, they were also sold in army surplus stores and by companies like L.L. Bean and Orvis through the 1980s and nineties. At this point, the watch's identity was well established as the Hamilton Khaki Field watch.

The Khaki Field Mechanical 38mm in bronze

In 2019, Hamilton, now part of The Swatch Group, took the field watch back to its roots with a remake of the popular Khaki Field Mechanical 38mm collection, a direct descendant of the military watches of the 1960s, albeit with some welcome modern twists. Today we get the latest evolution of Hamilton's bestselling model.

Of course, there's the black dial with luminous triangles on the hour, both 12- and 24-hour time scales, and hash marks for the minutes. The white hands are also luminous, with beige Super-LumiNova to match the dial. The crystal, unlike its Vietnam-era ancestors, is hard-wearing sapphire, virtually scratch-proof. The movement is the unique H-50, a hand wound mechanical with a solid 80 hours of power reserve. It's wonderful that Hamilton have stayed true to the legacy of the field watch by opting to use a manual movement. Naturally there are automatic watches in the brand's catalogue as well, but for this unabashed nostalgia piece, the hand winder is appropriate and appreciated. The lack of rotor keeps the case slim, too, at 9.6mm tall, perfectly in proportion with the 38mm width.

The real talking point about this case is the material. Bronze, an ancient alloy with great corrosion resistance and the tendency to develop a patina unique to its wearer and the environment it's in, is a popular material in watch cases. Of course, it also makes sense in the context of a military-inspired watch, as bronze is a metal commonly used for military decorations and medals. The warm tones and charm of the alloy certainly synergise with the world-weary aesthetic of the Khaki Field Mechanical 38mm beautifully. What's more, the titanium caseback and 20mm leather NATO strap ensure that the watch won't leave any patina on your skin, which is a bonus.

This latest step in the long and winding journey of Hamilton's field watches manages to look back at the model's rich past while striding into its exciting future. While the adventures you might take the Hamilton Khaki Field Mechanical Bronze on are likely a little less extreme than those of previous generations, the watch still lives up to the rigorous standards and reputation of the field watch. In fact, with its improved mechanical movement, sapphire crystal and a bronze case in need of a patina, this could well be the greatest Hamilton Khaki yet. Add to this the price, of £720, and you've got a watch that isn't just made for adventure, but asking for one.

The titanium caseback and 20mm leather NATO strap ensure that the watch won't leave any patina on your skin.

Tod Bradbury, the Head of Rare and Collectable Whiskies at Justerini & Brooks, at the label's spiritual home on St. James's Street in London.

GARY MORRISROE

WHISKY GALORE!

Scholarly, edifying, epicurean, congenial… Justerini & Brooks' new Taste of Distinction programme will elevate participants' appreciation of rare, phenomenal whisky expressions. Where do we sign?

by ***nick scott***

Connoisseurs who relate to the sobriquet 'liquid sunshine' — bestowed upon whisky by the bottle-bothering Irish dramatist George Bernard Shaw — may, each time they stroll down St. James's Street in London, imagine they can see a golden miasma around the premises of Justerini & Brooks, especially in the run-up to their annual Cask of Distinction programme, a celebration of ultra-rare, exceptional whiskies that guides participants to the pinnacle of various distilleries' output.

The programme takes the concept of astute, informed curation into the stratosphere. Each year, four master blenders congregate at the wonderfully named Liquid Library at the Diageo archives in Scotland. Using their combined judgment and expertise — the sum of which, aggregated, would take a couple of lifetimes to accumulate — they're tasked with bringing together the most exceptional liquids from Diageo's cherished stocks across 50 warehouses in Scotland. Age, scarcity, idiosyncrasy and nuance in character are all subject to rigorous evaluation over 4,000 hours, with findings over many years integrated to ensure that the whiskies — at precisely the moment they reveal a distinctive quality — are brought to light.

Age, scarcity, idiosyncrasy and nuance in character are all subject to rigorous evaluation over 4,000 hours.

Now the programme has an offshoot that allows clients the chance to dip their toe, so to speak, in the water (of life): Taste of Distinction, in which Justerini & Brooks offer a small number of bottles each year purchased from clients who own Cask of Distinction. First on the bill this year is an 18-year-old from Lagavulin, a distillery at the southern end of the Isle of Islay in Scotland. Locals there have an expression referring to Lagavulin's leisurely distillation process — "It takes out the fire but leaves in the warmth" — and this elegantly balanced expression, drawn from a refill American Oak hogshead cask, is characterised by the barley having been malted over Islay peat smoke.

The polished-mahogany drop that is the 25-year-old Blair Athol, having been matured in ex-bodega European oak butts, has robustness, richness and depth in spades, and is sweet and woody with hints of coffee and dry sherry when mixed with a dash of water. From Sutherland's Brora — a 'ghost' (or 'silent') distillery from 1983 until a three-year, £35m investment programme by Diageo, completed earlier this year — there is a 35-year-old expression replete with smoke, oilskins and bittersweet notes on the nose, then sea salt, pepper and spiced oak wood on the palate.

A highly unusual 50-year-old from Glenury Royal (a storied distillery on Scotland's east coast that has been closed for more than three decades) evokes a vast range of associations: notes of roses, white lilies, fudge, treacle toffee, molasses, smoky bacon, leather and tobacco have all been cited by tasters. Finally, we have a superlative 40-year-old chorus of ash, linseed oil, butterscotch, salt and white pepper from Port Ellen, another distillery that was mothballed in the eighties (a tricky time for the industry, thanks in part to a period of overproduction the decade before) but whose legacy lives on in special releases such as this.

"Only the rarest and most unique casks of single malts are selected for this exclusive programme, reflecting the quality, craft and expertise," says Dr. Emma Walker, one of the four experts behind the programme, and whose knowledge of whisky maturation has been honed by rigorous scientific research as well as production roles. The counsel of Tod Bradbury, the Head of Rare & Collectable Whiskies, meanwhile, will be available to clients who want the lowdown on Taste of Distinction bottles, as well as expressions from more than 28 of the world's most prestigious distilleries with whom Justerini & Brooks enjoy a special relationship.

"Our access is unbeatable," Bradbury says. "Through our special partnership with Diageo, we're able to connect our clients to some of the rarest whiskies in the entire world — from lost or ghost distilleries to limited editions, rare cask finishes and limited- or single-cask bottlings." Indeed, with Diageo, the world's largest spirits provider, now overseeing the maturing of whisky in approximately nine million casks from 28 operational and 15 closed malt distilleries, theirs is a deep pool to delve into.

Should you end up relishing your first bottle or three of some of the finest and rarest expressions in existence, and really want to take the plunge, you can purchase your own cask, safe in the knowledge that the 100-600 bottles contained therein will come to fruition under the watchful eye of Justerini & Brooks staff at the company's warehouse facility at the Royal Lochnagar distillery on the Abergeldie Estate in the Highlands.

For added rarity, romance and even investment potential

Justerini & Brooks on St. James's Street.

(whisky topped the Knight Frank Investment Index in 2019, with about 208,000 bottles of single malt sold at auction in the U.K. alone), a small number of clients may even be able to purchase fast-dwindling casks from ghost distilleries, which are only available in tiny volumes. James MacKay, Diageo's Head of Rare and Exceptional Spirits, has described these whiskies as being "like a Picasso painting — unique, irreplaceable and incredibly precious", and their cachet as a passion-based investment is matched by their unparalleled flavour. So factor in keeping back a few bottles before working on potential return on investment.

Whether consumption or investment is your main priority, though, Justerini & Brooks' in-house experts will advise on every step, from the initial choosing of a distillery, spirit and age statement to designing personalised packaging and labelling. Then, once the whisky has matured and bottled, owners can choose how many they would like Justerini & Brooks to sell on, how many to gift, and, naturally, how many to devote to a lavishly funded re-enactment of a 1949 Ealing comedy whose name headlines this feature, in which a band of Outer Hebridean islanders recover 50,000 cases of whisky from a shipwreck's cargo.

Rousing a cappella renditions of Gaelic ditties are optional; good company, camaraderie, shared stories of rich provenance and constructive tasting comparisons are compulsory.

GARY MORRISROE

LAGAVULIN, 18 YEAR OLD,
ISLAY, CASK OF DISTINCTION, 2000

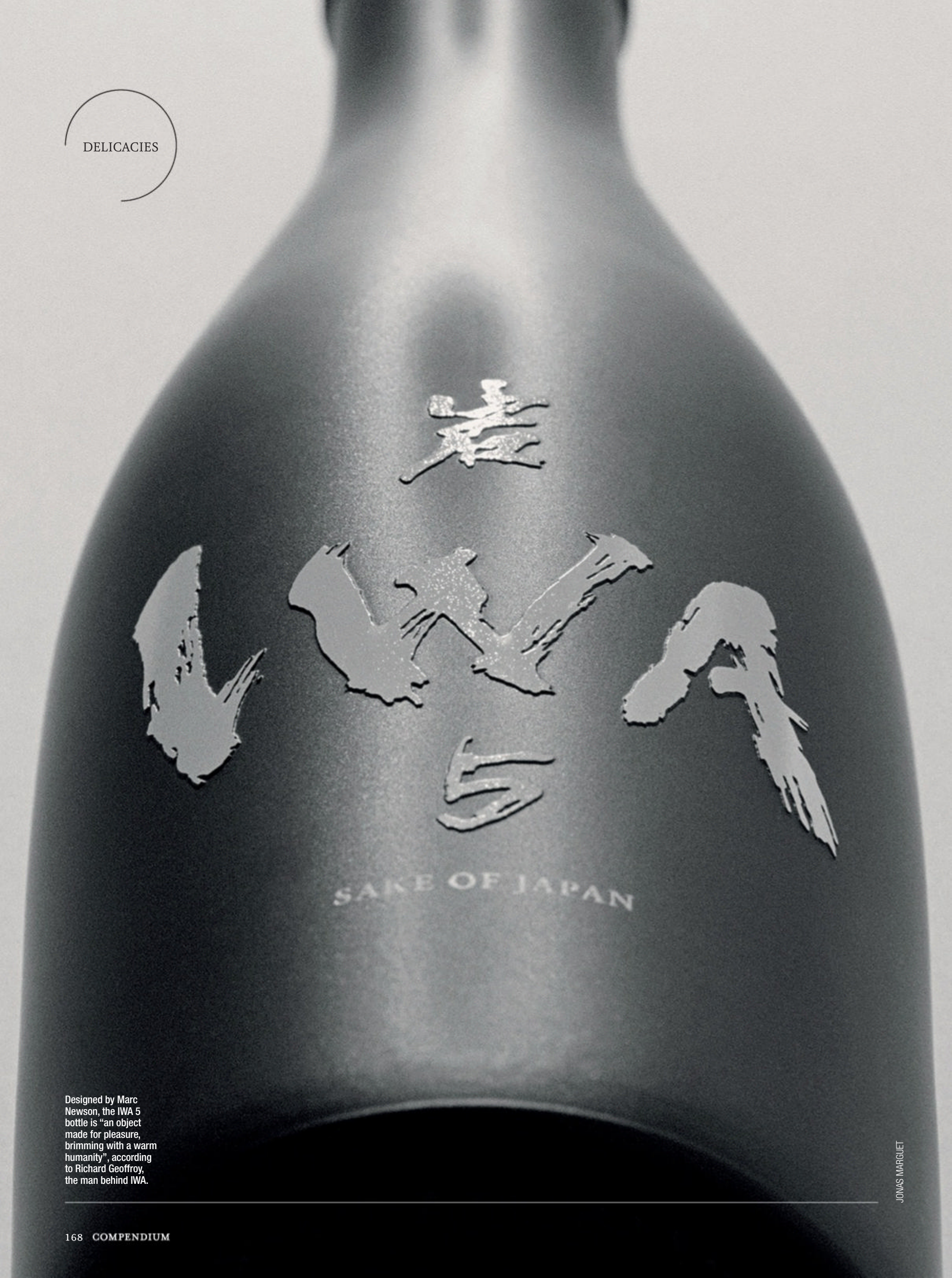
PORT ELLEN, 40 YEAR OLD,
ISLAY, CASK OF DISTINCTION, 1979

CARSEBRIDGE, 44 YEAR OLD,
LOWLAND, CASK OF DISTINCTION, 1976

BLAIR ATHOL, 25 YEAR OLD,
HIGHLAND, CASK OF DISTINCTION, 1993

GLENURY ROYAL, 50 YEAR OLD,
HIGHLAND, CASK OF DISTINCTION, 1968

The Port Ellen distillery on the
Isle of Islay in Scotland.



Designed by Marc Newson, the IWA 5 bottle is “an object made for pleasure, brimming with a warm humanity”, according to Richard Geoffroy, the man behind IWA.

JONAS MARGUET

GOD'S SAKE

Richard Geoffroy bestrode the champagne industry as the veteran cellar master at Dom Pérignon, but three years ago he decided to take a leap of faith. The result is IWA 5, a sake that will change your perception of the drink forever.

by ***wei koh***

According to the Derek Bok Center at Harvard University, memory works in the following way: it is encoded in the senses either acoustically, visually or through tactile experience. At this stage, information flows from the cortex — the area richest in nerve cells — to the hippocampus, a structure embedded deep in the temporal lobe. It is stored there as electrical patterns in four different types of memories: long term, short term, working and sensory. Sensory memory is a deep-freeze storage system that gets transferred to short-term memory each time you are reminded of some seminal sensory experience. Because it is stored so deeply in our brains, it sometimes triggers surprising and complex emotions. It was, for example, the taste of a madeleine that prompted Proust to write *In Search of Lost Time*.

There have been certain unforgettable moments in my journey as a wine drinker. The first time I tasted that golden palimpsest known as Coche-Dury, for example. There is a restaurant in the suburbs of Paris called Le Coq de la Maison Blanche that is so Gallicly clichéd that you would think it part of a Monty Python sketch. But it exists, and moreover it receives what is considered to be a staggering allocation of these mythical white wines. Furthermore, these wines are priced at levels that are still approachable — which means they are significantly lower than the prevailing secondary market rates. A friend and I paid a visit to Maison Blanche, and after some significant and obsequious brown-nosing to the chef and owner, we were allowed to order a bottle of Coche-Dury Meursault. As we raised the freshly poured glasses, my nose exploded in an olfactory tsunami that I can only imagine is equalled by my Dachshund when her proboscis inhales tiny atoms of freshly cooked chicken. There was something thrilling, libidinous and decidedly racy in the glass. After a few perfunctory swirls of the luscious liquid, we took our first sip. I have never experienced such a rush of dynamic tension as when those fruit and acid tastes hurtled across my palate in opposing directions.

My wine sensei, Henry Hariyono, refers to the precision with which Coche-Dury wines achieve this tension as their 'lightsaber effect'. Rather than these two flavour profiles vying and contesting in the glass, like a Biblical Cain and Abel duking it out in a field, they enhance each other through their sharp contrast. That night was magical. Emboldened by our wine, we began to lavish praise on the chef, on his cooking and upon the overall magnificence of his establishment. We began to feel immersed in a golden Coche-Dury halo, where all was good and beautiful. This in turn got us an invitation to the chef's cellar, where we were allowed to choose one more bottle to consume, to which we both shouted, "Let it be Meursault Perrières". The experience of that wine was otherworldly and orgiastic. If the Meursault had taken us on an epic journey, this king of premiers crus felt like we were hurtling further with such velocity as to break the space-time continuum. I suspect it might have been at that very moment when my friend decided to make me the godfather to his as-yet-unborn son. After all, his son would need a seasoned guide through his first Coche-Dury experience one day.

Like all who worship at the altar of Bacchus, I was raised with the mythology of Domaine de la Romanée-Conti.

The second wine I will always remember — even as I write this it floods my mind with Proustian memories — is Domaine de la Romanée-Conti's Grands Échézeaux. Sitting in a Basque farmhouse almost equidistant from Bilbao and San Sebastian is, to my mind, the greatest western restaurant on the planet: Asador Etxebarri. I shall not go into the magical, transportive edification of dining there, as that would take an entire article unto itself. But what I discovered is that Etxebarri has one of the best curated and most affordably priced burgundy lists on the planet. Like everyone who worships at the altar of Bacchus, I was raised with the mythology of DRC, a wine so extraordinary it defied description. The anticipation was palpable as the waiter eased the reassuringly squeaky cork out of the neck. I could actually feel my heart pounding in my chest as I took my first sip. What did it taste like? When I was studying at Dartmouth I discovered a music library there, and one day I decided to listen to the much-praised Van Morrison album *Astral Weeks*. That 47 minutes of music changed my life forever, so extraordinary was its narrative power. That was what the DRC was like. It starts to build slowly and softly but unmistakably clearly as it takes your palate on the most unforgettable journey. Like *Astral Weeks*, it wasn't forceful or bombastic but sensual and seductive, like a woman kissing you with the perfect amount of pressure so as to leave you wanting more. It was literally like falling in love. That I shared this experience with a woman I am now divorced from makes it all the more poignant to me. Because encoded in the wonderful memory of that taste is also a small amount of regret and sadness.

Richard Geoffroy created IWA sake after spending three decades at Dom Pérignon.

NAO TSUDA

NAO TSUDA

What does this very long and circuitous preamble have to do with IWA 5 sake, the new creation from the legendary Richard Geoffroy, the former cellar master of Dom Pérignon? It is simple. Sushi is my favourite meal. In the glory days before Covid and my divorce, when my then wife and I would descend upon Tokyo like Mongols sacking a village, I would ask her to make each and every meal nigiri. She would decline, of course, instead populating our dining schedule with wonderful places like L'Effervescence. But on some level I was always slightly put out that we weren't eating sushi instead. At some point I began to experiment with sakes, but after a while I took to pairing my nigiri with champagnes and burgundies instead. The thing was, while I liked sakes, I had to admit that I didn't love them. Somehow they tasted slightly muted and less transportive than my beloved Meursaults or Vosne-Romanées, and while I am sure true connoisseurs will regard this statement as a sign of my sake-barbarism, it is nonetheless truthful in its vulgarity.

So it was with mixed feelings that I accepted my friend Jay's offer to try IWA 5 sake. I met Jay through our mutual acquaintance Tiffany Toh, the young auctioneer I profiled for *Vanity Fair On Time*'s 30 Under 30, which shines a light on the future leaders of the watch world. Jay explained that he had met and become friends with Richard Geoffroy many years ago. One day Richard told him he was going to leave Dom Pérignon to pursue a passion project. Jay was intrigued, and wanted to support him; to his surprise, rather than a champagne, Richard said he wanted to make a sake. Jay says: "I was a little shocked at first, but as he started to explain his vision I could see the potential in the project. He explained that Japanese food had become one of the most dominant global cuisines, and yet the majority of us still understood very little about sake.

"But more than that, he wanted to create a sake that was so delicious and drinkable that people would share a bottle as an aperitif or even pair it with western food. He wanted to make a sake that showed immense respect to the traditions of brewing, but, at the same time, he could use his skills at assemblage to create something that expressed itself in the way the best champagnes and wines do. So he went to see his boss, Bernard Arnault, and asked if he could resign, explaining his idea for IWA. Arnault agreed to let him go on the sole condition that he could be an investor in IWA. And like that, IWA was born."

Richard says: "The first thing to understand is that I am not a fan of the concept of fusion. To me, fusion is saying that we are too unsophisticated to appreciate something in its most authentic and iconic execution. Quite the opposite, I feel that the pathway to true internationalism and multiculturalism is by embracing the singularity, authenticity and localness of any product. So if it is Époisses, it should be real Époisses; if it is kimchi, it should be real kimchi; and if it is sake, it must be real sake. As such, in order to achieve my objective, I knew I had to find the right partner."

That partner was introduced to him by the famous Japanese architect Kengo Kuma, who designed Tokyo's Olympic stadium. His name is Ryuichiro Masuda, the owner of Masuda Shuzo, one

KENGO KUMA

NAO TSUDA

The brewing of sake is a complex and intriguing game of options. The invaluable experience of the Toji (master brewer) is key.

NAO TSUDA

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of Japan's most highly respected sake breweries. The two men bonded over the fact their profound respect for tradition was coupled with a spirit for boundless innovation.

While at Dom Pérignon, which he led from 1990, Richard came to personify the champagne brand. So much so that Margaret Rand, a writer for *Decanter* magazine, said: "His job description may say 'chef de cave'. But he is really the brand's incarnation. He is ultra-visible, ultra-knowledgeable, ultra-approachable."

Amid the many harvests Richard oversaw was the advent of remarkable innovations as expressed by the house's Plenitude programme, in which wines are disgorged at different stages in their development cycle. The result was an extraordinary masterwork of nuance similar to an impressionist's use of subtly different colour modulation to evoke character and form. Before he met Richard, Ryuichiro had already experimented with barrel-ageing sakes, a technique inspired by the wine industry. Richard recalls that he was able to persuade Ryuichiro to join him on his new adventure with relative ease, and after he reached out to individuals like my friend Jay, and of course Arnault, the financing for Richard and Ryuichiro's project came together rapidly.

Sake, like wine, is a product of *terroir*, that irreplaceable signature that nature imparts onto a product depending on the region. It is the result of the soil, the water, and of God's will. IWA 5 sake is made in Shiraiwa, in a small town called Tateyama, located in the Toyama prefecture. Critically, the water used to brew the sake is from one of the most famous sources: a kind of rooftop that receives some of the heaviest snowfall in the country. IWA 5 is made from three rice types: Yamada Nishiki, Omachi and Gohyakumangoku. It is also made with five strains of yeast. But what is important to understand is that rather than a single sake, IWA 5 is made from a blend of different sakes in a technique similar to that which Richard used in champagne and Dom Pérignon.

For the first assemblage, known simply as Assemblage 1, the individual sakes that make up the blend were brewed at Ryuichiro's brewery, Masuda Shuzo, in the winter of 2018-2019. But the assemblage and bottling took place in July 2019, meaning that the sakes were left to age for several months. Richard says: "Assemblage, or the blending of different sakes, was not a traditional technique, but something I wanted to introduce from my experience in champagne. I believe that this technique creates a multitude of layers of subtle flavours that together form complexity and length."

Another secret to IWA 5's deliciousness relates to the use of an ancient and forgotten style of brewing called 'kimoto'. This technique mashes the rice and allows lactic bacteria to develop pronounced acids. "The result is terrific," says Richard. "Tasting blind I can see the difference; there is so much more depth to traditional kimoto."

Richard and Ryuichiro have stayed busy throughout the pandemic. Their IWA brewery was completed in early 2021, designed by Kuma. Their distinct black bottle was created by Marc Newson, the renowned designer and Richard's close friend, while the lettering on the bottle was rendered by the calligrapher Mariko Kinoshita. The result, Richard declares, is "an object made for pleasure, defined in relation with hand and skin, brimming with a warm humanity".

But what does it taste like? To be fair, my tasting was somewhat complicated by my awe at being on a Zoom call with Richard. It was mid afternoon in my office when his familiar face appeared on my computer screen and we began to talk. I eased the crystal stopper out of the IWA 5 bottle and poured some of the viscous liquid into a burgundy glass. As he guided me through its profile, I closed my eyes and took my first sip. What I experienced was a wonderfully balanced flavour that held a perfect blend of sweetness and succulence-in-the-mouth that made you want to drink more. But what I was unprepared for was the length of IWA 5. It continued to express itself when all other sakes stop, and that to me was the extraordinary feat accomplished by Richard and Ryuichiro. It was, for the lack of a better description, the most delicious sake I've ever tasted.

What I was unprepared for was the length of IWA 5. It continued to express itself when all other sakes stop.

IWA sake represents the third major career adventure in the life of Richard Geoffroy. He started as a physician before turning to winemaking. He became cave master at Moët & Chandon in 1984, after which he joined the world's most renowned champagne brand. But I find it remarkable that at the age of 65 he decided to step away from Dom Pérignon and take a road less travelled with extraordinary courage and surefootedness. The result is a sake of richness, nuance and profound depth that has forever changed my perception of the drink.

But more than that, I have always considered this magazine a voice that champions the concept that people become their most essential and vital selves as they grow older. The fact that Richard has started anew and created such a game-changing company at a stage of life traditionally associated with retirement is both irrefutable proof of this concept and a profound inspiration for the rest of us.

JONAS MARGUET

Assemblage is IWA's signature, creating a new sensation of superlative harmony and complexity.

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BOO GEORGE

ALL ADDS UP

In spite of his jet-black hair, pencil-thin moustache and panache for dressing boldly, Gomez Addams is more than just a pin-up of Halloween satire. He remains as relevant today as he was in the 1964 and '91 renditions of The Addams Family.

RAKE INCARNATE

by **josh bozin**

When *The Addams Family* first aired its morbid comedy, in 1964, it did so in an era of lowbrow television sitcoms that lacked much character substance or development. *The Addams Family* and its lovable yet macabre band of misfits changed that, doing so in a way that was enchanting and endearing. They were guided by everyone's favourite patriarch and the show's leading man, Gomez Addams.

A man with a taste for theatrics, Gomez encapsulates the primary qualities of a literary rake. Whether it was with a cigar in hand — "I've smoked since I was five... mother insisted," he said — dancing the tango with his beloved wife, Morticia, or engaging in a midday sword fight, Gomez entertained, thrilled and charmed his way through both iterations of *The Addams Family*.

Gomez Addams was, and still is, a representation of the times. Handsome, well groomed and family oriented, he is a suave, debonair, hopeless romantic, eccentric by nature and passionate in his pursuit of adventure. Sure, there's something a tad manic about him and his abnormal family... but then again, what family isn't like that?

The series began life as a satirical cartoon for *The New Yorker*. Creator Charles Addams' illustrations first appeared in the magazine in 1938 as a one-panel comic strip, and ran in the same magazine until his death in 1988. The world was introduced to the Addams Family in the flesh in 1964, with an ABC-led black and white show that spanned 64 episodes.

It was the American actor John Astin (above) who first brought to life the celebrated illustrations of the then nameless Gomez Addams (Astin chose the character's name), laying the foundation for the late, great Raúl Juliá, who would make the swashbuckling character his own some 30 years later.

Astin afforded viewers an insight into who and what Gomez Addams could be. Before the sixties T.V. hit, the nameless Gomez was depicted as a somewhat grotesque, pug-nosed man. Astin gave him an air of sophistication and class that provided the springboard for Juliá's later take.

Juliá's incarnation in the 1991 cult film (and subsequent 1993 sequel, *Addams Family Values*) brought a level of passion and beauty to the character's existence unseen in Astin's version. Juliá's Gomez is darkly charming but all the while beguiling. He's stylish without being ostentatious. He's a man with a penchant for fine suits. He's a learned man. He's the winning patriarch with the clever quips. He revels in sartorially minded activities such as dancing, golfing and smoking cigars.

Yet beyond the eccentric characteristics that made Gomez attractive to viewers in the nineties, it was his steadfast morals and values that enabled him to become one of the most likeable literary figures in history. Gomez is a romantic at heart, infatuated with Morticia. Theirs was the first real portrayal of a monogamous relationship that explored sexuality in a way that was not common in 1991, let alone 1964. "Look at her," Gomez says. "I would die for her. I would kill for her. Either way, what bliss."

Above all, it's Gomez's aptitude for fatherhood that is deeply human — he's the supportive father you might have yourself, or perhaps have wished for — and it's this level of humanity that is pleasantly surprising in a particularly morbid world. Unequivocally, his sartorial elegance flows from these virtues.

Today, *The Addams Family* is as relevant as it ever was, with a Netflix adaptation in the works. And who will be playing the role of Gomez Addams, you ask? None other than the veteran actor Luis Guzmán. Will Guzmán bring with him the flair Gomez Addams has become known for? Undoubtedly. We await with eagerness its official screening.

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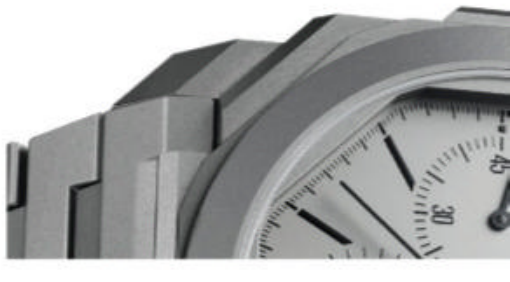

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